

GRYPHON

11th ANNUAL MAGAZINE

11

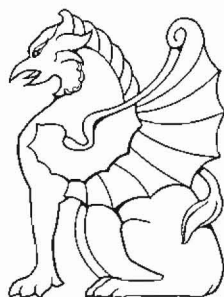
Archives
Section

D.7
(27)

1958

Co-Editors:

Don Begbie
Graeme Disney



CAULFIELD TECHNICAL COLLEGE

Committee:

David Taylor
John Flood
Ian Chesterfield
Anne Harrison
Tom Smeaton
Helen Webley
Alan Robinson
John Wright
Frank Maher
Arnold Smith

FOREWORD

BY THE PRINCIPAL

This has been a very fruitful, not to say momentous year from the point of view of school development. With a record enrolment in the Diploma school we were forced into temporary accommodation and suffered all the shortcomings of improvisation and insecurity of tenure. The conversion of the Applied Mechanics and Electrical Engineering laboratories into classrooms, the provision of a partition in room 28, the conducting of classes in both senior and junior libraries, the use of single rooms for double classes and the hiring of a Church Hall and Bowling Pavilion were all indicative of the expediences to which we were subjected. Even my office was used as a classroom.

This lasted for two terms, then seven new classrooms became available. Even our occupancy of these did not completely solve the problem and our Junior Library is still being used as a classroom. To meet our future developments our College Council has recommended to the Minister of Education the erection of a new Junior school in the vicinity. The most advantageous position for such a school would be on the adjacent Crown Land at present occupied by the Caulfield Recreation Club which could be moved south across Railway Avenue on to Crown Land owned in part by the Commonwealth and in part by the State. This land is under the trusteeship of the Caulfield City Council which has agreed to the transfer.

An alternative proposal is to erect a new Junior school on the park land south of Railway Avenue. Unfortunately Railway Avenue is a busy thoroughfare and would be a potential source of danger to parties of boys crossing the road to use the existing workshops, gymnasium, cafeteria, etc. It is hoped that the location will shortly be finalized and the new buildings erected next year.

As both Junior and Diploma enrolments showed an increase more staff was appointed. We were pleased to welcome our new Head-Master, Mr. T. Woods, who successfully organized the Junior School to commence operations on the opening day. He was ably assisted by our large staff, new members of which include Messrs. Baker, Billings,

Briggs, Chivers, Cohen, Hogg, Jukes, Lawler, Luxton, Oakley, Paterson, Porter, Richards, Robinson, Ross and Kuhn. Mrs. Mason was appointed to replace Miss Aguiar and Mrs. Smith took over our fabric printing classes. New office staff included Mr. Brown, Mrs. Falconer, Miss Brookman and Miss Latimer. Our new storeman, Mr. Bruce, replaced Mr. Spicer who has retired. We were pleased to welcome Mrs. Carter after a prolonged illness. Mr. Devlin, teacher in Art Metalwork was awarded an overseas scholarship to further his studies at the Royal College of Arts.

The establishment of Post Diploma courses in Industrial Electronics and Mechanical Engineering are indicative of the progressive policy of the College. It is evident that completion of a diploma course indicates that you have had only a basic training to fit you to keep abreast of scientific developments. Further study is essential, either here or at the University. Expert lecturers, recruited from Industry or from the University, are engaged to assist in our post-diploma courses.

In sport we have had a most successful year. The Diploma school won the Senior Inter-Technical swimming sports and was third in the athletics. Our tennis team was undefeated for the third successive year. Is it any wonder that the teachers can't win the Staff v. Students match? The Staff were soundly beaten at golf.

The Junior School won the "B" Grade Inter-Technical School Athletics. This was a wonderful tribute to the coach, Mr. McGarvin.

As this will be my last contribution to "Gryphon" I would like to record my appreciation of your cheerful co-operation during my twelve years at Caulfield. Both staff and students have made my job a pleasant one and I am very sorry to leave. For the support, good will and ready assistance in promoting the progress of the school and the welfare of the students I am deeply appreciative and grateful.

To share in your enthusiasms and triumphs has been one of my daily joys and I hope you have found as much happiness and satisfaction in our work together as I have. I could not have carried on this job without the loyal support of Council, Parents, Teachers and above all you — the Students.

EDITORIAL



Last year, the Magazine Committee gave the old faithful Gryphon a face lift. This was a big job to tackle in a single year and consequently a number of minor but nevertheless important faults were not rectified. This year these faults have been attended to and the Magazine Committee has pleasure in presenting for your perusal, criticism and possibly enjoyment the Eleventh Annual Magazine of the Caulfield Technical College.

Note that we now say Caulfield Technical College, for in July 1958, the school was officially re-named a College. This is a further indication of the great strides Cautec has taken in recent years under the guidance of our Principal, Mr. J. L. Kepert.

It is a sad blow indeed that Mr. Kepert leaves at the end of 1958, and all at Cautec will miss him greatly. The general reader would be indeed surprised if he knew just how much of this Magazine was written by Mr. Kepert. For this, and for all the help and guidance he has given us throughout the production of the Gryphon, we are deeply indebted.

Our typist, Mrs. B. Daley, has had more than her share of hard work in transcribing pages of scrawl, and we thank her for the wonderful job she has done.

All-in-all, the Magazine Committee has enjoyed compiling the Gryphon, and if you the reader have any criticism we hope that they are only criticisms of the editing or presentation and not criticisms of the articles. The Magazine is characteristic of its contributors. In a sense, we hope that many students feel that Gryphon needs further improvements, for the future of our College Magazine rests basically in the hands of the students themselves.

May there be many, willing and able, to come forward in 1959 to make an even better and brighter Gryphon.

Good luck and every success in your efforts!

THE MAGAZINE COMMITTEE

*"Harnessed scholastically,
Drilled super drastically,
Cultured prodigiously,
Lectured religiously."*

BEGBIE, Donald.



Editor-in-chief of this magazine, Don is completing his stretch with us this year and next year will be paroled at the "shop". His record with us should have given him some remission for good behaviour but we liked him and he stayed. Don is one of the old school of motorists. Drives a vintage Riley which knows no speed limits although the tyres are looking rather threadbare. The air has begun to show through. If that car was a horse it would have to be shot. Don was one of the group that made a television set for the school. It's a beaut. Plenty of tell but not much vision. He's still a Hi-Fi addict with loads of pop records. The best thing about popular music is that it isn't popular long. A clear thinker and an untiring enthusiast for hard work, Don's an inspiration to all.

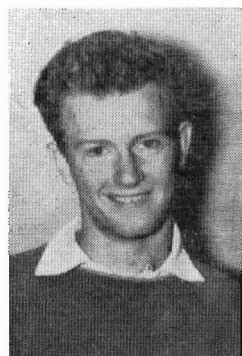
DISNEY, Graeme.

It's funny how we shake hands with the same old faces year after year. This handsome visage has appeared in the last two magazines in spite of which our circulation is increasing. Graeme suffered change of life this year. His girl friend's left him and taken her car with her. He's got to stick together the bits and pieces of his fleet of Austin 7's to get to school at all. The lass is a loss. Lots of money and curves in places where other girls don't even have places. Never mind Graeme. The most serious impediment to marriage these days is the difficulty of supporting both a wife and the government on one income. Oh for the days when women were sold for a few cows. If you ever feel neglected Graeme, think of Whistler's father.



5

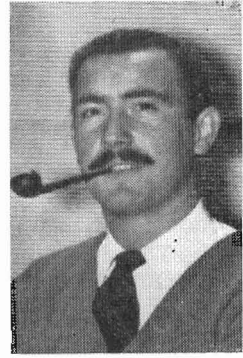
TAYLOR, David.



Dave was the guiding spirit of the school concert and did a really good job. He's studying art and layout --- whatever that is. We know a few people we'd like to layout. Dave's revolutionary efforts in art look like oodles of doodles and may not bring him wealth but should lead to unappreciated genius. We can imagine him starving in a garret. Never mind Dave fame is often pos-
thumous. Despite these gloomy forebodings, Dave's a cheerful soul. No chip on the shoulder there. After all it's hard for a fellow to keep a chip on his shoulder if he's always taking a bow. He's a hard worker and hard work never killed anybody - - but then resting is responsible for very few casualties. Success used to indicate superior ability, but now people merely wonder what vitamin you're taking.

FLOOD, John.

Here's the real flood that leads on to fortune. Obviously army type. Look at that modern walrus moustache. The number of hairs contained therein equal the sum of an infinite G.P., taken to the ninth term in Taylor's theorem. John reminds us a bit of the blokes in the Hollywood westerns. You know, the hero wears a 45 Colt and the heroine a 38 sweater. In this world the big shots are only the little shots who keep shooting. John commands a lot of respect around the school. Gives lots of good advice to the cadets. You know John, people aren't going to take your advice unless you are a lawyer or a doctor and charge them for it. Of course, he know's what's going on in the School. Just doesn't understand it.



CHESTERFIELD, Ian.

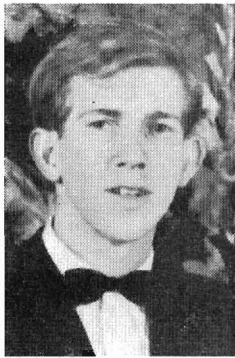
Ian's been in the magazine for years. We're going to miss that smile next year. He's not exactly the oldest member but if service to the school counts for anything he's a very senior bloke. Not married yet but it's getting serious. The other day he bought an electric blanket with dual controls. After all man is incomplete until he's married. Then he's finished. Matrimony costs a few bob. The easiest way to support a wife in the manner to which she's accustomed is to let her keep her job. When a man places his wife on a pedestal nowadays, it's probably so she can reach the ceiling with her paint roller. Confidentially Eunice, you've got a prize. Ian will never know real happiness until he's married. Then it'll be too late.



HARRISON, Anne.

It's nice to see a nice girl on the committee. Anne's a most useful and ornamental person and has a busy time keeping the boys at arm's length. She collects bits of gossip around the school and submits it to the Editor. What a lot of fun that bloke has before he tears up censored manuscript. Anne is like the cat who lets gossip out of bags. She's got a nice sense of rumour. At the concert she did a mighty job as wardrobe mistress. She was a bit worried during rehearsals. Nervous as a bride used to be. She's not usually nervous. Although she'll scream at a mouse she'll smile at a wolf. Anne is a keen art student but we notice the boys aren't interested in her etchings. They want to know can she cook. She's stopped buying perfume. Her boyfriend reacts only to cooking aromas.





SMEATON, Thomas.

Tom's all right in his own way but he always wants it. A very happy soul he votes all work N.B.G. Even when he's doing nothing he's doing it loudly. After all a little learning is not a dangerous thing to one who does not mistake it for a great deal. Tom caused much fluttering of feminine hearts when he first found sanctuary in our cloistered Institution. The girls advanced in close formation. However, Tom was game. He stood like a jelly at bay and called for the Doctor. Tom went to the Snowy with the Doc. Had good luck too, they got back alive. As a navigator, he's not too bad, but was comforting to the Doc to know that the world was round. Tom's vices, apart from the occasional use of forceful adjectives, are so well hidden that the biographer has to give up the search for them, and conclude with the assurance that if quickness of mind and ability to get on with people count for anything in this world, the life ahead of him is certain to be fruitful and successful.

WEBLEY, Helen.

One of those little bundles of dynamite, Helen's unflagging enthusiasm is a major contribution to the production of this magazine. Her rosy cheeks give her a specious air of innocence and bear witness to the effectiveness of our central heating. She's a bit of a tomboy and hasn't yet discovered that her strength is her weakness. You should see her in evening dress. It's like an atomic bomb with 20 per cent fall out. It's funny what a lot of mothers in the last generation had their daughters vaccinated in places they wrongly thought would never show. When Helen enters a room wives stop, look and bristle. Her bathing suit fits like sunburn. We'd better not let any more cats out of the bag, and conclude by advising Helen to learn housework in case she doesn't have a husband.



7

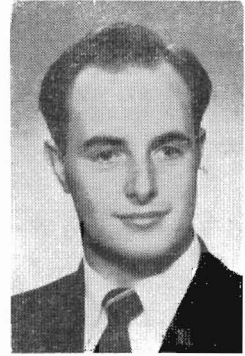


ROBINSON, Alan.

It is difficult to state whether Alan was educated at Scotch College or our benevolent reformatory. We reckon it was at Scotch but that noble college declares that the honour belongs to Caulfield. Alan was such a success on the committee last year that he got a guernsey again. We're hoping he'll become a teacher. In this country a rubbish collector can become a teacher - if he is willing to make the financial sacrifice. Alan has a proper sense of rightness and spares no effort to tell us how wrong we are. His addresses are not exactly polished but his reasoning is awfully smooth. He'd be better off addressing envelopes. He paints a gloomy picture of the moral decay of the world and then offers a prize to the first person who can prove it can't happen.

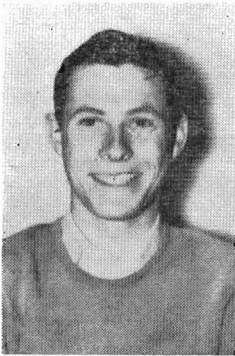
WRIGHT, John.

Out on safari one day John discovered our noble edifice and promptly obtained free board and lodging. After all they don't have such nice art girls at the Uni. At the concert John's safari brought the house down. He's destined to tread the boards or board the treadmill; we're not sure which. Ability in dramatics is a good second string for any engineer. He could start a fruit shop with the tributes skilfully aimed by his appreciative audiences. He's at an awkward age. Too young to be left alone with baby, but too old to be left alone with the baby sitter. His studies are subjected to too much stress and strayin'. His hotted up Riley may be seen racing the milkman in the wee small hours. John believes that the great thing with work is to be on top of it — not constantly chasing after it.



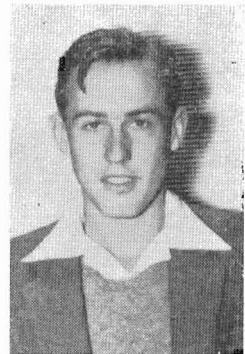
MAHER, Frank.

This taciturn, morose individual is so shy that when you say "hello" to him he's stuck for an answer. The trouble is that somebody once told him to be himself. His hobby is bird watching — only the birds watch him. Frank's inferiority complex really gets the teachers in. His enthusiastic back chat in class "That's it, Sir! Oh, Boy! Golly, eh! Oh Sir, you're so brilliant!" makes the teachers think he's really interested, especially as he accompanies these appreciative comments by a charming smile. He's the only one in a class of 37 who seems to follow the teacher. He's got a part-time job. Roundmaker in a drive-in. Makes the rounds of all the cars telling the couples the movie is over. Frank's full of bright suggestions, the most notable of which is that diplomas should be larger, or smaller — I forget which. At any rate, it's a step in the right direction. Despite inflation, a penny for his thoughts is still a fair price.



SMITH, Arnold.

Arnold drifted this way on a favourable breeze from Sandringham. He soon settled in and learnt the short cuts. His best subject is Report Writing as he takes the opportunity to re-organize things. His report on the conduct of a sports meeting was a classic and set a pattern for future meetings. His kindly criticism of teachers running sports meetings was so carefully worded that he got away with it. Arnold runs for exercise, runs for trains and some day will run for Parliament. He's tactful enough to make it. Could even become Prime Minister. The only exercise most of us get is running out of money. Keep running Arnold but don't forget that you achieve immortality by moving others along after you yourself have stopped moving. It was very generous of him to tender his resignation from the school to reduce our over-crowding. Of course, we reasoned with him and he stayed. There are days when it's difficult to reason with our students — Monday to Friday inclusive.



THE STAFF

J. L. Kepert, M.E.E., B.Mech.E., B.Sc.,
A.M.I.Mech.E., A.M.I.E.Aust.

Principal

L. Danielson, Dip.Mech.E., Dip.E.E.,
A.M.I.E.Aust. — Vice-Principal.

T. Woods, B.A., Dip.Ed. — Headmaster.

MATHEMATICS

F. C. Masson, B.Sc., Dip.Ed. (Head of
Department).

J. Sambell, B.Sc.

H. K. Baker, M.A.

J. C. Luxton, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.

E. W. Ludge, Dip.CivilEng., T.T.T.C.

D. Bartholomew, B.Sc., Dip.Ed., First
Hons.

N. L. Briggs, B.A. (Hons.)

R. G. Dunlop, Dip.Mech.Eng.

PHYSICS

R. Empey, B.Sc., T.P.T.C., Dip.Ed.

E. N. Schonfelder, Dip.App.Phys., T.T.T.C.

M. A. Coote, B.Sc., Dip. Ed.

K. F. Lawlor, B.Sc., T.P.T.C.

G. A. Richards, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.

D. K. Rosenthal, Dip.App.Phys.

SCIENCE

W. H. J. Porter, B.Sc., T.P.T.C., B.Ed.
(Qual.)

D. Cohen, T.P.T.C. (Uni. subjects for
B.Sc.)

J. E. Humphrey, A.G. Inst. Tech., T.T.T.C.

G. C. Carlos, Dip.Geol.

B. J. Blair, Tech. Certs.

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING

B. Gerstmann, B.E.E. (Vienna), Dr.Eng.
(Vienna), A.M.I.E.(Aust.), Ass.A.I.E.E.

D. R. Mills, B.E.E., Dip.E.E., Dip.Mech.E.,
T.T.T.C.

N. A. Charman, Dip.E.E., T.T.T.C.

E. T. Davey, T.Tr.I.C.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION

K. M. McGarvin, Dip.Phys.Ed., T.P.T.C.

R. G. Carr, T.P.T.C.

BLACKSMITHING

H. E. Green, Tech. Certs.

ART

H. J. Ellis, D.T.S.C., Tech. Certs.

W. H. Pace, A.T.C., A.T.Dip.

J. G. Hoywood, A.T.C.

W. J. P. Splatt, A.T.C.

C. L. Smith, A.T.C.

K. W. D. Jack, A.T.C., A.T.Dip.

J. G. Broadfoot, D.T.S.C.

T. G. Jones, Dip.Art.

R. H. Dack, Dip.Art.

M. Lyle, Dip.Art.

E. Robinson, A.R.V.I.A., A.R.A.I.A.

(Mrs.) J. Milligan, Tech. Certs.

(Mrs.) C. Charman, Dip.N.C., T.T.C.

(Mrs.) B. Smith, Fabric Printer.

9

INSTRUMENTAL DRAWING

L. Hogg, Tech. Certs.

W. F. Welton, D.T.S.C.

J. M. Lamont, T.P.T.C.

CIVIL ENGINEERING

G. C. Verge, B.C.E., Dip.Ed.

MACHINE SHOP ENGINEERING

V. P. Underwood, T.T.I.C., Trade Certs.
(Head of Department).

C. T. Waters, T.T.I.C., Trade Certs.

L. F. Lovick, A.I.A.A.E., A.S.T.E.,
T.T.I.C., Trade Certs.

J. A. Daley, A.M.I.A.A.E., Cert.Mech.Eng.,
T.T.I.C., Trade Certs.

R. M. Paterson, T.T.I.C., Trade Certs.

C. McBecker, Trade Certs.

L. L. Baker, Trade Certs.

W. F. Kuhn, Trade Certs.

A. Taunton, Trade Certs.

PLUMBING

J. N. Knapp, T.T.I.C.
E. Lascelles, T.T.I.C.
E. I. Lawrence, T.T.I.C.
W. M. Dempsey, T.T.I.C.
L. Oakely, T.T.I.C.
B. Chivers.

METALLURGY

R. H. Keller, A.I.M.(London), F.R.M.T.C.
(Met.Eng.), T.T.T.C.
J. Thomas, A.S.T.C.(Met.), T.T.T.C.

CHEMISTRY AND GEOLOGY

J. J. Ryan, B.Sc., B.Ed., A.R.A.C.I.
W. G. Clarke, B.Sc., Dip.Ed., Dip.R.E.
H. Billings, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.
C. Gordon.

MECHANICAL ENGINEERING

M. B. Flynn, Dip.Mech.E.
E. N. Middleton, B.Mech.E., Dip.Mech.E.,
Dip.E.E.
C. L. Ainslie, B.Sc.
J. B. Ritchie, B.Mech.E., Dip.Mech.E.,
Dip.Ed.
F. Forti, Dip.Elec.Eng. (Genoa-Italy).
V. Hajek, D.Sc., B.E.E.
L. W. Thomson, A.M.I.E. (Aust.),
A.M.I.A.A.E., Dip.Mech.Eng., Dip.E.E.

REPORT WRITING

L. B. Halpin, B.Comm., Dip.Ed., T.P.T.C.

ENGLISH, SOCIAL STUDIES,

J. Mills, B.A., Dip.Ed., T.P.T.C.
R. J. Dobell, B.A., T.P.T.C.
H. Davis, B.A., T.P.T.C.
J. B. Bydder, B.A., T.P.T.C.
C. B. Tonkin, B.A., Dip.Ed.
J. Humphrey, B.A., Dip.Ed.
K. Bradley, F.L.C.M.
(Mrs.) D. Paterson, T.P.T.C.
(Mrs.) M. Carter, T.P.T.C.

WOODWORK DEPARTMENT

W. E. J. Ross, T.Tr.I.C., Tech. Certs.
K. M. Simes, T.T.T.C., D.T.P.C., Tech.
Certs.
J. E. Lovett, T.T.T.C., D.T.S.C., Tech.
Certs.
S. Hannah, T.Tr.I.C., Tech. Certs.
E. B. Landray, T.Tr.I.C., Tech. Certs.
G. C. Houghton, T.Tr.I.C., Tech. Certs.
R. J. Pettit, Tech. Certs.
A. E. Harrop, Tech. Certs.
L. Birch, Tech. Certs.
A. Harrison, Tech. Certs.
R. G. Jones, Tech. Certs. (Eng.).
R. Jukes, Tech. Certs.

OFFICE

W. A. Tucker, F.A.S.A., Registrar.
S. M. Hutton, Senior Clerk.
Mr. R. Brown.
Mrs. R. Falconer.
Miss L. Brookman.
Miss R. Latimer.
Miss B. Simmonds.

LIBRARIAN

Miss E. Mees, B.A.

MAINTENANCE STAFF

T. McKenna.
T. Heron.
W. Blackwell.
W. Peter.
F. Rodgers.
J. R. Bruce.
B. Farrelly.
R. B. Brookman.

APPRENTICES

M. Townsend.
B. Dodds.

CAFETERIA

Mrs. Mathews.
Mrs. Bindt.

STUDENTS' REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL

Have you ever seen a group of civic minded sparrows holding an indignation meeting? Take a look at this picture. This cheery but chattering group has done a really good job in the administration of student affairs. As soon as it was announced that a couple of pretty girls had been appointed to the committee there was a rush of applications from the Casanovas in the school to get elected as form representatives. In fact some of these blokes got a guernsey by bribery. However, they all did a good job and earned the undying gratitude of the Principal. There's little to distinguish such earnest students biographically although there are some very important biological distinctions.

President Don is the senior representative of the students. We've half filled this magazine already writing of his virtues and vices. Way back on the 6th of July, 1938, father and mother, after much serious discussion decided to accept him despite his habit of demanding large quantities of liquid refreshment. Early in life he abandoned liquids for apples. Nowadays apples are so expensive he might as well have a doctor. Secretary Ian is Don's right hand man. Melbourne High School did us a favour when they kindly suggested that Ian should seek fresh fields to conquer. He's conquered them all right although his studies have been subjected to much stress and strayin'! For one who never knows what he wants Ian is surprisingly adept at getting it.

Don's other shoulder is bowed down by Brian Norton. He's a glutton for work and has already been appointed acting Secretary for 1959, that is assuming he's allowed to come back then. We're hoping he'll make the grade. He plans to do such a lot of things in 1959. These are—in order of



STUDENTS' REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL.

Standing: John Brazenor, Peter Coventry, Charlie Stringer, Alan Castleman, Ian Chesterfield, Mr. Dobell, Brian Norton, Ted McCoy, David Taylor, Bill Wyatt, Bob Jackson.
Seated: Barbara Brennan, Don Begbie, Adrienne Cordell.

importance - Football, Cricket, Tennis, Swimming, Athletics and Study.

It is obvious that Barbara and Adrienne weren't elected to the S.R.C. for their organizing ability. Either of them could win a Miss Australia contest. Barbara came to us from Kildara and really sat the boys back on their heels. Even the Principal was fascinated, but she returned his smile with one she had just taken out of the refrigerator. Oh well, if at first you don't succeed try a little ardour. Now that Barbara is old enough to go out alone she doesn't. Adrienne, who migrated from Williamstown High School, is equally attractive. It's a funny thing how our art school attracts attractive girls. When a girl finds she's not the only pebble on the beach she becomes a little bolder. Most, however, remain shy and retiring. Adrienne's smile has more behind it than just teeth. It's a most infectious smile — I wish I could catch it. When you're past 50 you're just a maintenance problem.

That civil looking bloke in the rear is John Brazenor. He went walk-about from Moorabbin and stumbled across our noble edifice while looking for witchetty grubs and yams. He thought it looked a likely spot and decided to dig in. One of these days he'll be digging drains and things.

John's offsider Peter Coventry did a Lady Godiva act from Footscray. Peter became a new Australian on 23/11/40 much to the surprise of his parents who didn't even grow cabbages. He failed to remain unnoticed here due to his strenuous endeavours to make both week-ends meet by ignoring the interval between. He's managed to avoid work for many years and hopes the examiner will present him with Maths IIA on his eighteenth birthday.

Charlie Stringer came off the assembly line in 1940 and with the usual schoolboy's lack of interest managed to get through Scotch. After that we snapped him up but so far there's been no dividends. His maths notes read like a whodunit with a most baffling denouement on the last page. Look at the next bloke — to think that father had spent many sleepless hours prior to 20/5/41 only to be presented with Alan. In fact he was so disgusted that he had him educated at our reformatory. His career with us has been unsullied and his

examination results look like a brewery dividend or at least like the national debt. He's got an inferiority complex, thinks he's no better than everybody else. He is.

Ted McCoy first said "present" in 1940 and has kept saying it at various schools ever since. He admits to a certain interest in sport and has led our teams to a number of victories. His main interests are his girl friend, cricket, baseball, athletics and swimming. He'll do us. You know, parents speak of the modern generation as if they had nothing to do with it. Take a look at Dave Taylor. As an art student he is really modern. He was born at an early age in Maryborough of all places. Dave directed the concert very effectively this year and demonstrated that all art people are not just arty. He's a bit of a dreamer but realizes that the best way to make his dreams come true is to wake up.

Bill Wyatt was born among the blue-bloods in Sandringham during the 1938 bush fires. He arrived here in 1956 and was accepted by the chosen without any reservations. His interest in sport sometimes offsets his interest in study but his persistence will win the day. Captain of the football and athletics teams, Bill's leadership is a real inspiration to his men. Upon escaping from us he hopes that engineering will provide a sufficient excuse to see the world. Bob Jackson is another refugee from the land of the unicorn. Rough cast on 12/8/40 he has spent some time acquiring shine at Melbourne High School. It's still a touchy subject with them. Bob works by night and sleeps during maths. His current activities are:—swot, sport, swot, girls, swot, etc. SCOOP:

The elderly looking chap in the rear — our staff representative, Mr. Dobell — has just had his third son today (12/11/58). Blessed if we know how he found time as he's sports master, teacher of the foreign language (English), manager and instigator of Cautec Courier, guide, philosopher and friend of all the boys and a most popular bloke. Of course, the stork brought another boy as that sort of thing keeps us all in a job. Congratulations, Bob!

There are a few members of S.R.C. who are not photogenic and dodged the camera. They are John Brown, Brian Cahill, Tom Gyles, Kevin Ezard and Edwin Parsons. Our thanks to them all for the magnificent job done in 1958.

PASSING PARADE

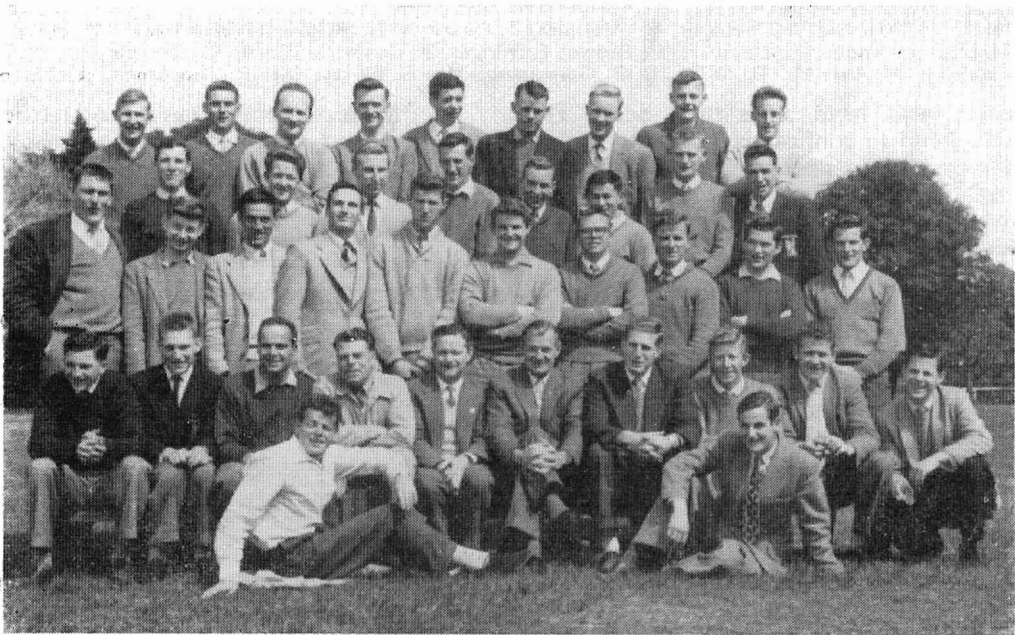
*"When perplexity is pressing,
And all hope is nearly gone;
Just brittle up and grit your teeth
And keep on keeping on."*

Did you ever see such a sad and sorry lot of young fellows as those depicted here? You'd think they were the chief mourners at a funeral or devotees about to withdraw from a mausoleum. Our noble college may be a magnificent and stately tomb but our disciples are really a cheery lot. Perhaps we're looking at the photo back to front.

Thoroughly impregnated with learning and warned of the many traps accompanying employment in the cold, hard world, they hope to make a tremendous impact on industry. We believe industry will stand the shock. Some will lead very happy lives. Others will marry.

They're a mixed bag. One bright boy thinks himself a wit - and he's half right. Another loquacious individual will make a good television announcer. He'll talk until he gives you a headache and then try to sell you something for it. You can't tell him anything - he's got a sound-proof head. One of those chaps in the back row is a shy unassuming lad. You know, a real phony. The tall, dark and handsome chap is a man of distinction - spelt with a "k". He's always rude to his inferiors when he can find them. That chap with the coy look was one of the frequent visitors to the Art School. He fell in love with the curvaceous blonde up there. In fact all the boys fell for her. It's going to be hard filling our diploma school when she leaves. She's listed in our prospectus as an "Additional Inducement".

Some of our graduates are of the non-brilliant variety. After all, much of the good work of the world has been that of such



8A MECHANICAL ENGINEERS

Back: F. Strickland, N. McNabb, E. Mate, R. Piper, T. Laurie, D. Evans, N. Brasch, D. Brewer, D. Johnson.
2nd row: J. Pethbridge, K. Porter, D. Meunzing, P. Wayman, R. Watt, N. Wong, K. Ford, P. Rawlinson.
3rd row: G. Copy, B. Ash, N. Hill, R. Ellis, P. Hider, I. Chesterfield, W. Swinson, E. Waechter, W. Matchet, K. Garth.
4th row: R. Scott, R. Smeaton, J. Sharples, Messrs. B. Blackwell, L. Thompson, J. Kepert, B. Ritchie, B. Locke, J. Clements, F. Maher.
Front: G. Pocknee, G. Sambell.



8B ELECTRICAL ENGINEERS

Back: N. Melford, W. Echardt, R. McInnes, T. Smeaton, D. Begbie, G. Matthews, J. Tann.
 Middle: L. Taplin, T. Crosher, W. Brown, J. Wright, R. Jones, J. Flood, R. Blomberg.
 Front: B. McRae, Mr. D. Mills, Dr. B. Gerstmann, Mr. E. Davey, Mr. R. Brookman, R. Pittam.

14

people who have done their best. They don't jump to confusions. If we took Aptitude or I.Q. tests on the "Passers Out" the results would be startling. Some of them won't be able to fill in an income tax form. Nowadays it takes more brains to fill in the income tax return than it takes to make the income.

John's the real army type. Carries himself with military overbearing. He worries about what his friends think of him. They seldom do. Don's a taciturn soul. He pays a compliment as if he expected a receipt. He's booked for early matrimony when he'll have to decide whether he's a man or a mouse. I'm a man. My wife is afraid of mice.

Now for some serious advice to young men going into the world.

1. The job always comes first; personal considerations must necessarily be secondary.
2. Work done in the evenings, as well as Saturdays, Sundays and holidays, is often the most effective of all.
3. Taking a brief-case home in the evenings provides an unrivalled opportunity to review and relive the troubles of the day.

4. Make a point never to refuse a request — and always be ready to volunteer for additional responsibility.
5. Never neglect such auxiliary activities as banquets, meetings, speaking engagements and committee work.
6. Meal-times can be productive and it is well to plan conferences around lunches and dinners.
7. Golf, tennis, gardening, sailing, fishing — any foolish recreation is wholly unprofitable and consequently a waste of time.
8. Be wary of taking too much vacation time — anything might happen while you are away.
9. Avoid delegating too much responsibility, and then keep careful scrutiny over whatever has been delegated.
10. Do not waste time travelling. Plan your trip so you can drive at night during the unproductive part of the day. You may go further than you planned.

If you abide by all of the above rules you're sure to get ulcers and ultimately qualify for the Coronary Club.



15



SENIOR ART GIRLS

Back: Ruth Sukiert, Christine Hall, Dorothy Ross, Juliet Barton, Josephine Paulusz, Ruth Tucker
Middle: Anne Harrison, Anna Lim, Beverley Juniper, Gleyns Smith, Judy Begg.
Front: Joan Burns, Barbara Brennan, Helen Webley, Judith Butterworth, Anita Williams.



SENIOR ART BOYS

Back: Max Adams, Rod Hergstrom, Ben Blair, Ken Blackman.
Middle: Daryl Crosbie, Vic Wood, Craig Forster, Eric Youd, Max Thompson.
Front: Michael Martin, Geoff LaGersche, David Taylor, John Hutchinson, John Brown Roy Irvine, Ray Rogers.

SENIOR ART GIRLS.

Back: Heather Eadie, Beverly Lambie, Gwen Billing, Natalie Watkins.
Middle: Margaret Nichol, Verna Roper, Lorraine Howell, Marilyn Stanmore, Sandra Smith.
Front: Anita Williams, Lynne Whitthorn, Adrienne Cordell, Mavis Nicholls, Bobbie Ingles



SENIOR ART BOYS

Back: Knowles Gray, David Dyson, Ian McLaine, Wal Frankish, Geoff Hammond, Ric Willmott, Tony Warmington.
 Middle: Cliff Peters, Neville Touzeau, David Ward, Ewin McKay, Des. Parker.
 Front: John Lyon, Peter Oysten, M. Ahad, John McNorton, Colin Phillips, Robert McDougall (CA2), Colin Frost (CA2).

17

• MORT D'ROLY

R—— was a metallurgist, one of Keper's lads,
 Till he was foully done to death by metal-hating cads.
 "That's all right", said R——, "My spirit shall not die,
 I'll go and do some teaching in the land beyond the sky."
 He went to the pearly gates and spoke to the head boy
 "I want to speak to Headman God, I'm Caute's pride and joy"
 "Who are you?" said Peter, "Are you humble and contrite,"
 "I'm a friend of Billy Clarkes," "O.K. then you're all right."
 They wrapped him in a nice white sheet, put a harp into his hand
 And he played "The Harry Lime Theme" in the metallurgists' band
 He chose his class at random, got some kids

he did not like
 So he organized the masters and brought them out on strike.
 One day when Jack was walking in the street to meditate
 Who should he see but R—— chalking S-curves on the gate
 They brought him up for trial before the S.R.C.
 For spreading disaffection 'mongst the staff fraternity.
 The verdict it was guilty, "O.K.," said R——, "Swell"
 So he wrapped his sheet around his knees and abseiled down to Hell
 Seven long years have passed and R—— doing swell
 He's made a study of the fuels in Metallurgical hell.

Potts

STUDENTS

REPRESENTATIVE

COUNCIL

• PRESIDENT'S REPORT

The S.R.C. has had a very busy but most rewarding year. The functions organized by various sub-committees have been well supported by the student body, and S.R.C. bank account is very healthy.

In the latter part of the year a Sports Committee, as recommended by last year's S.R.C., was formed and it is anticipated that next year this committee will relieve the Sportsmaster of some of his many tasks. At the May general meeting it was moved that an Asian representative should be allowed to sit on the S.R.C., and at the October general meeting the Constitution was duly amended to allow an Asian representative to sit on the Council.

Attendance at Council meeting was only fair, for although many members attended regularly, a few were regularly absent. Students who will be returning to the College next year should heed this as a warning. Make sure the representative you elect is a person who is willing to give up a small portion of his time to attend meetings so that he can present your views or complaints to the Council.

The Staff Representative and Sportsmaster, Mr. Dobell, although a very busy man, was a regular attender at meetings and was always willing to offer helpful and constructive advice.

The Executive worked hard throughout the year, and I offer my thanks and congratulations for a job well done. The staff members with whom I had contact, particularly Mr. Kepert and Mr. Masson, were most helpful and co-operative and to them I extend my sincere thanks.

• SECRETARY'S REPORT

The school year for 1958 has drawn to a close and the efforts of another S.R.C. have been completed.

Under the capable guidance of our President, Don Begbie, the S.R.C. started the year with the formation of a Social Committee. John Flood took the helm here and steered this year's events on a wide and socially successful course.

Next came the Concert Committee and due to the untiring efforts of Peter Oyston and a large staff the best school Concert ever was staged at the Caulfield Town Hall.

Mr. Dobell, our staff representative and senior sports master, expressed his desire to form a Sports Committee to aid in the organization of school sport. The Committee was formed and Bill Wyatt and Arnold Smith were elected President and Secretary respectively.

Mr. Dobell's real baby this year was the newly innovated Cautec Courier. This paper will form a necessary part of school life in a growing College and this very successful venture has the full support of the S.R.C. Congratulations are extended to Mr. Dobell and to Graeme Disney, chairman of the Courier Committee.

The Camera Club formed early in the year became highly functional and well organized and contributed much to the success of the magazine and the Courier.

The latest problem brought to the notice of the S.R.C. was the lack of first aid equipment in the school. The matter was pursued by Peter Coventry, assistant Secretary, and Peter and a group of St. John's trainees have formed a first aid register.

In closing I wish to express my thanks and appreciation to all members of the 1958 S.R.C. and to wish the best of luck to the S.R.C. 1959.

Finally on behalf of the S.R.C. and myself personally I bid farewell to Mr. Kepert, the man who made our school and all in it what it is today. He is a great man with amazing patience who always has and always will do his utmost to help students.

Ian Chesterfield,

Donald G. Begbie

Hon. Secretary, 1958.

• C.T.C.P.S.A. REPORT

The Caulfield Technical School (sorry) College Past Students' Association had a fairly successful schedule of functions during the year 1958.

The Committee responsible for this year's activities was elected at the A.G.M. held on February 28th. A feature of this meeting was the screening of the "Olympic Games" film.

The Committee comprises:—President: Arvo Elias, Vice-Presidents: Wendy Gibbs and Charlie Brownlow, Treasurer: Joe O'Toole, Secretary: Ian Searle, and Norma Grummett, Jan McBride, Stan Best, Graham Rooke, Tony Press, Bob Watson, Rowan Weatherhead and Jim Vizard.

At the first Committee meeting a programme of functions was drafted and an organiser appointed responsible for the success of each function.

The following was proposed:—
Car Trial, April 13—Organiser Alan Wilson
Annual Dinner, May 2—Organiser Stan Best
Concert, May 7, 8—Org. Charlie Brownlow
Theatre Night, June 6—Organiser J. O'Toole
Annual Ball, July 4—Organiser Ian Searle
Car Rally for Past and Present Day Students,
September 21 — Organiser Alan Wilson
Film night and Graduates function, December 5 - - Organiser Graham Rooke.

The Car Trial commenced at the School and covered some 70 miles though Doncaster, Ringwood, Wonga Park and Warrandyte. Fifteen cars left the start with weather bright and clear. In the first section how many forgot the 'phone box outside the School? The third section found many navigators at sea with the result they missed the Bowman's arrows and entered Glenvale Road in the wrong direction. How many really found the correct green house and plotted back to find control 6 was actually control 5? The location of control 7 from the 5 points given defied many who resorted to opening the "panic" envelopes.

The weary competitors and officials finally assembled at the river tunnel at Warrandyte. Whilst the results were computed the difficulties of navigation were exchanged for the difficulties of barbecuing. The final winners were Geoff Taylor and Neil Johannesen in an Austin 7 followed by Wendy Gibbs and Brian Gilles. Attractive engraved medallions were presented to the winners at the Annual Dinner.

The Annual Dinner held at Carlyon's Hotel was well attended. Mr. Vasey's attendance as guest speaker was unfortunately prevented by illness — the gap was ably bridged by Mr. Kepert who gave an illustrated talk on a recent trip to Central Australia.

The Past Students once again participated in the Annual Concert — did you notice! A series of bright breezy "television ads" were presented to fill the gaps between main items.

The big function of the year — the Annual Ball was once again held at Tudor Court. Some 140 people attended but the organisers were really grey haired a few days because many people are rather lax in firmly establishing their intentions of attendance. A really good time was enjoyed by all — even the "booby" pick-a-box Barn Dance and Lucky Spot prizes were well received.

The "Belle of the Ball", selected by Mrs. Kepert, was the partner of Wal Eccleston. To complicate matters Arvo Elias bogged his car in the garden (before, not after the happy event!).

Next year's Ball is to be held at the "Bambolina" in Malvern early in July.

Once again the Past Students co-operated with the day students in the annual snow trip in August.

Following upon the success of the first short car trial it was decided to organise a full day event with barbecue picnic lunch.

Some 500 miles were traversed by the grey M.G. and others to establish and re-check a final route of some 80 miles of ten sections.

The event was primarily organized to provide opportunities for both past and present students to meet but unfortunately only one car of present students arrived!

The starters included John Flood and Don Begbie, Rod Craig and Graeme Ackland, John Wragge and John Pringle, Bob Watson and brother and Alan Power and V-W. The first five sections took the cars through Scoresby, Lysterfield, Emerald, Cockatoo and Gembrook. The number of State Schools and finding the end of the line (railway) at Gembrook proved puzzling to many competitors. The really simple route chart to the lunch control at Ship Rock was off the map and did it cause trouble to those who wanted to make it difficult! Eventually all including the V-W arrived.

The lunch spot featured a waterfall and other attractions. The afternoon sections took cars through Gembrook, Macclesfield (or should we say — 26,2,6,6,24,10,38,12,-18,10,24,8) White's Corner, Beagley's Bridge, via Mt. Dandenong Hotel to the Basin (ugh!) and thence to the finish at Dinny's Picnic Ground in Glen Waverley. Despite the fact that the organiser did not reach the finish a good day of driving and navigating with a little sight-seeing was had by all.

The eventual winners were Rod Craig and Graham Ackland (M.G.) followed by John Flood and Don Begbie (Ford), Bob Watson (A30) and John Wragge (M.G.). Prizes will be presented at the Graduates' function in December.

All Past Students and present day students who read this are invited to attend all the 1959 P.S.A. functions — make them a date don't just pass them over — you will be really surprised at the old friends who turn up. Your support is valued — therefore, come to the Dinner, to the Ball and to the car rallies.

If you want information contact Alan Wilson, the Secretary, at 10 Wilmoth Avenue, Murrumbidgee, S.E.9. Don't forget there are some 180 members in the Association and we now have a coloured lapel badge available.

FOOTNOTE:

Alan Wilson, secretary of P.S.A. and well known trial driver must be congratulated on the speed and certainty with which he found control point number 7½ on the last car trial.

The simple directions he followed:—

diverge right — 10°

angle of declination — 40°

speed — excessive

result — control point reached sooner than expected.

We wish to point out however that the gum tree was only slightly damaged.

• "WHAT HAPPENS TO STUDENTS WHO LEAVE SCHOOL"

A short story made long and half truths made scandal but above all never be specific make it confusing these are the bases for good Report Writing.

Wine, Women and Song are the main ingredients to fulfil the above hypothesis - -

wine to fill the inner man and Super-nong to fill the petrol tank, women to fill the front (or back seat) and sing the caressing vocal melodies of the power unit (male, female or internal combustion unit) when it is out of action (or petrol).

We are prohibited (by the censor among others) from discussing wine, therefore, we will pass a few girdled words about two highly explosive "hot" subjects women and bombs.

First the social report (must be respectable)—

Engaged. -Wendy Gibbs, Geoff Harrison, Helen Threlfall, Maureen Shmith, Leo Kennedy, Judy Cato, Bob Smith. (No, Bruce Hodges is *not* engaged!).

Married.—Norma Grummett and Bill Davis, Norm Kay, Ian Searle, John Minty.

Children.—Geoff Uhlhorn, Ray Greenwood, Ian Ricketts.

Cautec Overseas.—In England with Metro-Vickers are Jack Farnan, Ross Rogers, David Thyer and Lloyd Peake. David Birrell is in U.S.A.

Now to the other side of social standing not the ownership of a mate, mansion or bicycle but a real live R-O-D spells car.

First the P.S.A. President Arvo possesses a Ford Custom with 10 turns from lock to lock easily bogged, Arvo is a really difficult man to find in the S.E.C. - - no one is ever quite sure where to find him!

Wendy Gibbs doesn't need a car since Brian has a firm hold-en.

Charlie Brownlow is a trials man, uses his Peugeot as a tank for river crossing — he's investigating the possibility of using K.M. Steel windows to keep in the water.

Another trials man is Joe O'Toole who allows Unilever to make enough to keep his Holden on the road. Ian Searle and his Austin 16 are both settling in to married life and to the P.W.D. routine, i.e., don't struggle too hard or you'll crack its head or blow a gasket. Talking about gasket blowing Rowan Weatherhead and his Sunbeam Talbot are now authorities. Whenever there is a car rally Rowan's bomb blows up or breaks an axle (only M.G.'s regularly allowed to do this!). Rowan is in his final year of B.E.E. as S.E.C. cadet.

Graham Rooke is a Hillman man and is employed by I.C.I. "the firm that makes salt by evaporating salt water". You know that little anthill at top of Lonsdale — well in cell no. 634, row 17, 350th storey, no it's not Graham.

Bob Watson is with G.M.H. therefore drives an Austin A30. Tony press pedals a variety of Austin 7's despite the fact he works at Vickers Ruwolt.

Stan Best is still with C.I.G. Equipment, just returned from 3 weeks (business trip?) in Sydney. As yet he has no vehicle (believes the Railway slogan "Be a brain travel by train the cheapest way by far is in someone else's car." He had a variety of lines in view, Minor, Stand-8, Betty, now V-W, but won't get interested in a Y-type.

In the ranks we find all types of bombs, Alan Power has a "manly tan" V-W complete with Ivy League cap, desert boots, etc.

Neil Johannesen and Graham Taylor are feverishly competing in all the Austin 7 events hoping for the club aggregates. They won our last car trial. Ian McKenna a P.M.G. man really believes the lights shine out of his Standard 8.

Coming to the exclusive vehicles, Jim Vizard is an M.G. T.C. owner — still studying at Queen's College for B.E.E.. John Wragg has a red T.F. while Rod Craig has a cream one. Rod's carried him to Surfer's last winter apart from winning the recent trial. Ackbar's "Y-type" is not worn out (not yet!) — won't be long as it now has twin carbs, high comp. head fully polished and ported, and four branch exhaust with Flukey burble exhaust. This vehicle has performed quite well in planning the Cautec trials but at 70,000 decided the grass was greener off the other side of the road - - now sports two-tone grey.

Finally the members of the C.T.C.P.S.A. (our badges say C.T.S.P.S.A.) congratulate fellow member J. Kepert in his promotion to Assistant Chief Inspector of Technical Schools. His passing from the School will be missed particularly by the P.S.A. Committee who used his office as a meeting place!

● 8th FORM TEACHERS WE HAVE MET

Here are some fellows we've all liked to know,

We'll miss then next year — it'll be quite a blow.

There's a portly old gent whose tones guttural and deep,

Continue for hours, how he puts you to sleep.

Along comes a bloke who announces with cheer,

"But of course you know this, why you learnt it last year."

There's the fellow who'll teach you to bash in the pegs,

And tell you "Take care, when you're setting up legs."

A young chap who talks electronics, we hear,

Wafts across to the corner to swallow much

And then there's the fellow who'll argue the toss,

I wonder that Rolls Royce have survived the loss.

"I can't umpire cricket", he cried from afar,

(We'll have a collection, buy him a new car)

There's a very nice chap who has hair rather thin,

Why, it's that Casonova, the great Errol

Then we musn't forget how one chap's lab. exploded,

We should have shown him, his gas pipes were corroded.

Of course there's the chap whose maths problems appal,

But he says modestly, "I can't do them at all."

And then there's the fellow whose family makes beer,

He wants our reports, p'haps he'll get them next year.

An electrical chap comes and teaches us wiring,

They tell me his life is terribly tiring.

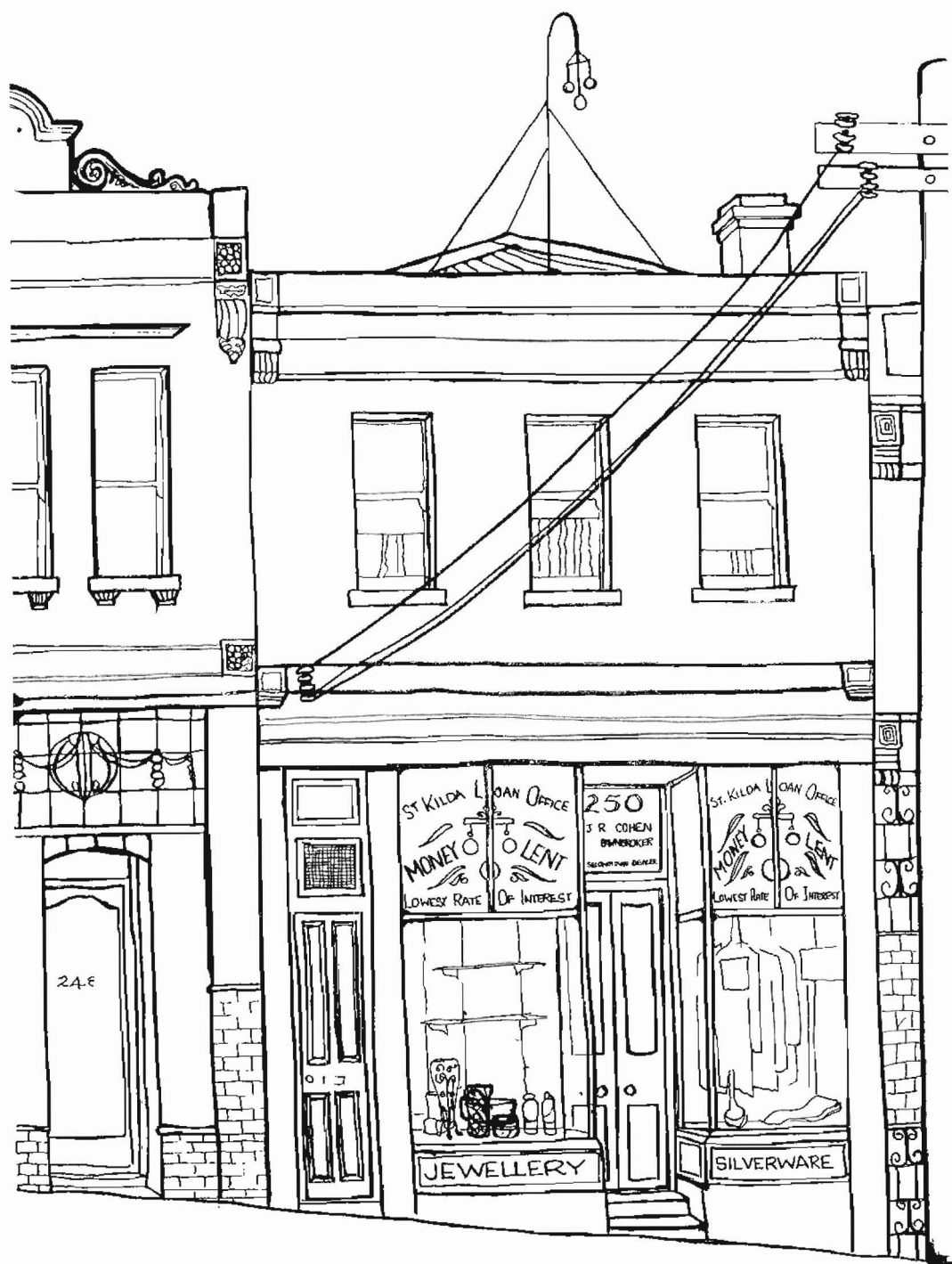
And then there's a chap who's acquired a new room,

He'll use it for Metallurgy, we'll presume.

With thanks to these blokes we'll endeavour to pass,

Those difficult exams we consider a farce.

J.B.F.



● MR. KEPERT LEAVES



Mr. J. L. Kepert

Mr. J. L. Kepert, highly respected and well loved Principal of Caulfield Technical College will leave us at the end of this year. He has received promotion and will take up the post of Assistant Chief Inspector of Technical Schools. We at Caulfield feel deeply at losing Mr. Kepert as Principal but it was inevitable that a man with such brilliant qualifications, such vast industrial experience and such wide experience in the field of technical education as Mr. Kepert undoubtedly has, should be chosen as one of the leaders of Technical Schools in Victoria.

Mr. Kepert came to Caulfield from Footscray Technical School in 1946 when the Senior School first opened here. In the short space of thirteen years he has built Caulfield into the largest (and we think the best!) Technical College in Victoria, with an enrolment of over 400 diploma students.

A keen supporter of extra-curricular activities, Mr. Kepert encouraged students to take more and more interest in the running of the College. The Students' Representative Council is, of course, Mr. Kepert's own brainchild, and the Magazine and Concert owe no small portion of their success to the enthusiastic support given them by Mr. Kepert. Both Mr. and Mrs. Kepert

were regular supporters of the College at Inter-Technical School Sports Carnivals, and no matter how busy he was, Mr. Kepert always seemed able to find time to come along and spur his boys on to greater achievements.

Mr. Kepert took the Mechanical and Electrical Diploma courses at Footscray Technical School and in 1924 enrolled in the electrical engineering department at the University of Melbourne. In 1926 he completed his B.E.E., and joined the State Electricity Commission in 1927, and in that year he also completed the course for B. Mech. F. Mr. Kepert transferred to the new Sugarloaf - Rubicon Hydro - Electric scheme in January, 1928, and was engaged on the testing and operation of these stations. This work formed the subject of a thesis for the degree of M. E. E., awarded him in 1930. Mr. Kepert joined the Education Department in 1930 and in that year completed the degree of Bachelor of Science in Natural Philosophy. Mr. Kepert is an Associate Member of the Institution of Engineers, Australia and is currently the Chairman of the Mechanical Engineering Branch. His other qualifications include "A" Grade Electrical Mechanics Licence and an Engine Driver's Certificate. Mr. Kepert is a member of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers, a member of the Technical Colleges' Board and Representative of Engineering Graduates on the Standing Committee of Convocation at the University of Melbourne. Mr. Kepert is keenly interested in sport and is President of Deepdene Tennis Club, a Member of Kew Golf Club and a Member of Auburn Heights Recreation Club.

Mr. Kepert always took a strong personal interest in the welfare of his students and always did his utmost to see that each graduate obtained the best possible job on leaving. His forthright, honest manner commanded the respect of both staff and students, and it can truly be said that Mr. Kepert was the friend of everybody at the College.

Caulfield suffers a severe loss as Mr. Kepert leaves, but we can feel sure that he will not forget his old school, for he had more, much more, than just a perfunctory interest in this College.

We extend our warmest congratulations to Mr. Kepert on obtaining promotion and wish him good luck and every success in his new post.

Don Begbie

OUR GRADUATES OVERSEAS

• OUR TRIP TO LONDON

(From Ken Sambell --- 1952 Graduate --- Mechanical, later B. Mech. E., who wrote to us from London on the 5th October, 1958.)

I did the trip to London with another engineer from Bahrain, and we left on April 26th, with a planned route of 9,000 miles via Iraq and Iran.

We went up the Persian Gulf in an Arab dhow, a motor-sailing vessel about 50 feet long. The Zephyr just fitted in across the rear of the boat. It was a very enjoyable five day voyage to Basra in Iraq. We had our own food, water and camping equipment but squatted down sometimes with the Arab crew to eat from their communal dish with the good old right hand.

We arrived at Basra and after a morning's battle with Customs were free to drive through Iraq. The road to Bagdad was still under construction for over 200 miles so we decided to go by train. This journey of 360 miles took 22 hours and we travelled in the car on the railway truck to safeguard it against any light-fingered Arabs. That night we slept under the back of the car on the railway truck and we must have felt and counted every joint of the track!

Arriving in Bagdad, we spent a few days there. All was peaceful and there was no indication of the (then) forthcoming revolution. Bagdad is modernizing fast. The main Al-Rasid street has very impressive buildings but only a hundred yards back, clay and stone hovels exist. The Golden Mosque is a very impressive sight with gold sheathing on the domes and minarets, beautiful mosaics, arches and columns. Also drove down to Babylon and visited the excavations.

We left Bagdad on the 5th May, with a planned route via Iran and Turkey since visas for Syria were impossible to obtain. The desert and sparse grassland gradually became more fertile and green and after passing through the Rouanditz Gorge, the Iraqi "Alps" came into view. These were wonderful to see after the desert and were a rich green with plenty of snow on the 6-9,000 feet peaks. We were then in the

country of the Kurds --- a laughing nomadic people --- who were then migrating to the upper plateaus for the summer. We camped out at nights beside the car, twice with the Kurds.

Crossing into Persia, we felt as if we were crossing into the past. Official Offices were made from mud walls and had earthen floors. The soldiers' uniforms were in rags. Iran's oil royalties have not been as well used as Iraq's and unemployment was seen everywhere. Northern Persia was very hilly country and the roads were badly corrugated. To save the springs from continual "bottoming" we crawled along at 12 miles per hour in second gear for about 2 days. We stopped at Razieyat where they had a fascinating bazaar, and eventually after much haggling came out with a Persian carpet. The women were still completely concealed in purdah but in contrast to Bahrain and Iraq, where they wore black, they were completely enveloped from head to feet in bright floral materials.

Pressing on, we started to climb again and Mt. Ararat, (16,000 feet) came into sight. It's a real pyramid of a mountain and with its perpetual snow is a breath-taking sight.

We crossed into Turkey (after much examination of the carpet) and found that we had left behind the oil lands. Petrol was 4/6 (sterling) a gallon instead of 1/- a gallon as in Iran and Iraq.

We passed on through wonderful scenery of snow topped mountains, pine forests, and lovely valleys, gradually descending to the Black Sea. For about 300 miles our horizon was almost encircled by snow capped peaks.

Arriving at Trabzon, on the Black Sea, we found the sand a jet black. Our route then lay on the cliffs overlooking the sea through Samsun and inland to Ankara.

Ankara is one of the world's "artificial" capitals, others being Canberra, Washington, New Delhi. Turkey has had a large amount of American Aid and many links are forming. American accented Turks are everywhere. It is a country developing fast.

On to Istanbul, where, on crossing the Bosphorous, we left Asia and entered Europe. It is a city of mosques and their minarets dominate the skyline. I thought the most beautiful was the Sultan Ahmet or "Blue Mosque". It was a lovely blue grey colour and had a main dome falling away to many smaller domes and all bounded by six tall graceful minarets. The only mosque in the world with six.

We stayed three days in Istanbul and then departed for Athens on the way to Paris. We were hoping to visit Gallipoli on the way but found it was in a military area and had to forget it . . .

Paris had been rather unsettled just before our arrival with some machine gunning and Algerian trouble. I was a little concerned about our Arabic number plates on the Zephyr; however, we lacked the materials to change them and decided to risk it.

We went to see Mona Lisa and Venus at the Louvre and enjoyed both. Next on to Brussels. Its lovely old central square was balanced by all the modern additions for the Exposition. They had doubled the road capacity in some cases by building another road on top.

The Exposition was fantastic and I enjoyed the architecture of the pavilions as much as anything else. Australia was very noticeable by her absence and poorer countries had quite imposing pavilions. The American pavilion was very attractive and had a beautiful roof formed like mesh draped around the spokes of a bicycle wheel. The Russian one was square and glassy and full of Sputniks. The British pavilion lacked the trade atmosphere of the others and accentuated the dignity of the Monarchy. The French pavilion was unique but jumbled, typifying the French mind, I thought. Germany had a pavilion made up from cubic shapes laid out very exactly and methodically.

The Atomium was terrific and a wonderful sight at night with lights playing over the spheres.

From Brussels to Dunkirk, we stopped a little while, and then to Cologne and Dover. The White Cliffs came up and we had nearly arrived. Three months, 10,143 miles and a wonderful trip behind and yet with us.

• LETTER FROM ENGLAND

(From John Farnan who wrote to us from England on the 3rd September, 1958)

I have now been in England at the G.E.C., for about four and a half months, and have decided that the training available under these apprenticeship schemes is definitely worthwhile. As Mr. Beard will probably tell you, however, the amount one gets out of such training depends to a large extent upon the degree of determination of the individual. Apprentice training

in this country is quite the normal thing for graduates so the overseas trainee is just one of many.

An organization such as G.E.C., Witton (my location) is a huge works embracing every aspect of electrical manufacturing, so it is possible to obtain fairly wide experience (particularly in the G.E.C., whose training programmes are much more flexible and suited to the needs of the individual than some of the others seem to be).

In addition, there is also the possibility of obtaining outside construction experience (which I have not done yet).

Personally, I intend to go back to work for B.H.P., in Australia, so will specialize in control gear and drives for steel mills in the last few months of my stay here. Up to date my course has been quite general, with work to the sections I mention below:

Standard Motor Fitters - - Fitting

Small Motor Winders—Armature winding

Mercury Arc Rectifier - Manufacture and Testing

Transformer — Manufacture and Testing

High Tension Switch Gear — Testing

I am at present in the Turbo Alternator Construction and Test Section. There is no doubt that it is possible to get experience here that would be quite out of the question back home.

For example, last week I participated in the testing of 132 KV circuit breakers for the Grid System in England. Among the tests were a flash test at 300 KV and measurement of making time and breaking times of the contacts. I also worked on all types of metal clad switch gear during my stay in that department, including one panel for Pyrmont, N.S.W.

For the last couple of days I have been working on the dismantling of a 60 megawatt hydrogen cooled alternator. During this type of fitting work it is possible to observe the method of construction of the special seals, certain techniques in dismantling, and good and bad points in design. I shall be spending some time in testing these machines.

As well as the actual work, of course, there is a fairly active Apprentices' Association (I belong to the Graduates' Section) which organizes trips to other factories and various social events.

Most Australians seem to settle in very quickly in England. I was very lucky to get good digs right from the start, which makes a tremendous difference. In addition

to this I have managed to get about the English countryside a fair bit, although the weather this year has been very bad I believe.

For the two weeks work holiday I went across to France, and cycled around the French countryside looking at Chateaux, old Churches, villages and so on, and had a most interesting time.

• PRESENTATION TO MR. KEPERT

At the S.R.C. General Meeting held on 28th October, Mr. Kepert was presented with a fully equipped automatic 35 m.m. camera as a farewell gift from the students in the Senior School. The occasion, on which Mr. Kepert addressed the senior

students for the last time in his capacity as Principal of Cautec, was a very sad one indeed, for everybody at the College is very sorry to see Mr. Kepert leave.

Mr. Kepert, who was visibly moved by the occasion, said in his address that he was sorry to leave his old school, and said that he liked the school, and what is more liked everyone in the school. Mr. Kepert thanked the students sincerely for their gift, and when he returned to his seat he was greeted by thunderous applause which lasted for some minutes. The Secretary of the S.R.C. called for three cheers and as the meeting closed Mr. Kepert was given three resounding cheers.



Outdoor Sketch — Joan Burns

EIGHTH

GRADUATION

Diplomas were awarded to the following graduates:—

• MECHANICAL ENGINEERING

BARCLAY, Roy William
BEST, Stanley Morris
BIGELOW, Robert Charles
BROWNLEY, Grahme William
CAVE, Mylles Henry
CHAMBERS, Kenneth James
COLEMAN, Alan Brunton
CROSS, Geoffrey Richard
CURREY, Joseph Kenneth
DREW, Peter Francis
GILLESPIE, John Albert
HODGES, Robert Bruce
MACDONALD, David Ian
MALONEY, William Howart
MILLARD, Kenneth John
MURRAY, Leonard Maxwell
McGREGOR, Richard Barrie
McKINNA, Ian Graeme
McLEAN, William Walter S.
PARKER, Keith Linton
PHERSSON, Raymar John
POWER, Alan John
PRIESTLEY, William James
SAUNDERS, Brian William
SCOTT, George Laidlaw
SUNDERLAND, Gary
TEAGUE, Willis Gerard
THOMAS, Noel James
TREANOR, Vincent John
WALLIS, Alan Fred
WARBY, Alan Bertram

• ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING

ACKLAND, Graham John
ARCHER, Geoffrey Sheridan
CRAIG, Reginald Arthur
CRAMOND, John
DICKINSON, Brian
MAXWELL, Colin James
McCLELLAND, John Bernard
McKENZIE, Alan Robert
RUSSO, John
SACK, Kevin Howard
WAKE, John Dexter

Certificates were awarded to the following:—

• MECHANICAL ENGINEERING

ALLEN, David
BRASCH, Norman William
DALEY, John Alva
GORDON, Richard Reginald James
HURLEY, Kevin Brian
PIPER, Ross Arnot

• ART

BYRNES, William John
CHARLTON, Marion Jessie
FULLWOOD, Susan
GRAHAM, Lindsay Robert
GUNIN, Thelma Louise
MOLLOY, Edward
RITCHIE, Claire Stephanie

• TRAVEL SCHOLARSHIPS TO MR. DEVLIN

Congratulations to Art Instructor Stuart Devlin! We at Caulfield Technical College are indeed proud of your recent noteworthy achievement in winning £1,200 in two travelling scholarships.

One of Mr. Devlin's scholarships, worth £1,000 was awarded by the Victorian Education Department, and the other, worth £200, by the Younger Members' Group of the English Speaking Union.

After completing a Diploma of Gold and Silversmithing with the Gordon Institute (Geelong), Mr. Devlin gained two years' experience with the Melbourne firm of Gaunts, and then embarked on a teaching career, during the course of which he has taught Technical classes at Wangaratta, Prahran and Caulfield.

Mr. Devlin sailed for London on August 17th. His scholarships have enabled him to accept the honour of undertaking a two year, post-graduate, research position in Silversmithing, sculpture and engineering design, at the Royal College of Art.

All at Cautec, in congratulating Mr. Devlin, wish him continued success and happiness in his new and well deserved role.

• OUR PHOTOGRAPHERS



Photographers at Work

No magazine would be complete without its collection of carefully posed candid photographs. The shutter bugs responsible for the photos in this Magazine are shown in the above photograph as they always are—hard at work.

First and foremost in the centre of the photo is the model — Mavis. As any engineer will verify it is useless to start on a job if you don't have a model from which to work. Mavis really enjoys her work, hence the happy beaming smile. Slightly to the left of Mavis is the man with his eyes set at f2.8—Guy Copley. Guy has the best box camera so he gets all the close-up shots. He, too, is happy in his work. Perched in the fork of the tree we have Dick Gower. The modern camera he is using has a special bellows attachment for taking pictures around corners. Dick, by the way, runs a lucrative blackmail business. Immediately below Dick is Butch Caune,

who is attempting to expose, sorry! attempting to obtain the exposure reading of the model. We think the exposure reading would be about nil. Just to the right of the flaggon of hypo we have one—only one, no double exposures here—Pud Rawlinson. Pud is a little slow on the draw and as you can see he has his camera only half cocked.

They're a weird mob, our photographers but all members of the Magazine Committee are deeply indebted to them for the wonderful job they have done.

The observant reader may well ask "Who photographed the photographers?" Our only reply is "They're fiendishly cunning these photographers!"

• ANNUAL EGG APPEAL

Our Annual Egg Appeal in aid of the Royal Melbourne Hospital was organized this year by Mr. C. Ainslie and Mr. W. Dempsey with Mr. H. Green in Charge of the Penny-drive. Results were again very gratifying. On Thursday, 2nd October, Mrs. G. W. Leeson, Organizing Secretray of the Royal Melbourne Hospital Auxiliary was present at School assembly to present the Egg Ball Premiership Cup to Flinders House which had donated 3,800 eggs. Mrs. Leeson expressed appreciation of the School gift of 1,400 eggs and a cheque for £165/8/7, a total equivalent of 13,744 eggs. Certificates were presented to a large number of boys for their assistance in the effort.

It is gratifying, and good reason for pride, that such splendid response was made by all sections of the School to this very worthy appeal.

The enthusiastic determination of the boys to build up the totals of eggs, pennies, or other cash donated, would certainly have been an inspiration to the sick and disabled had they been able to witness it.

This spirit of service is a worthy part of students' training. May it be carried over from school life into the more complex and demanding problems of the greater world beyond the school gates.

Congratulations boys and organizers on a conspicuously happy and successful Hospital Egg Appeal, 1958.

● PARENTS' GUILD

The activities of the Parents' Guild at Caulfield Technical College play no small part in the overall running of the College as a whole.

Its main function is the supervising and administration of the canteen, the objective being the provision of good food at reasonable prices to the students and apprentices. A minimum profit is budgeted for and this profit is used for the providing of amenities for the pupils. These amenities are many and varied and cover such things as new bicycle racks, seats around the school grounds, and annual scholarship and prizes and sports trophies. During the past year the Guild put £200 toward the cost of a new piano.

Luncheons for visiting sports teams are provided, as well as for various official visitors to the school during the year.

At the end of the year a teachers' luncheon is provided and a gift of ice cream, drinks and sweets given to all members of the junior school at their break up.

Most of the Guild's activities are controlled by a Committee, but general meetings are held during the year to which all parents are welcome. Unfortunately not enough parents attend, and this is something in which the writer would like to see some improvement. All parents of pupils attending the College should, as far as possible, take some interest, and this is best done through close association with the Parents' Guild.

The Guild tenders its gratitude to the wonderful support given it by the Principal, Mr. Kepert, over a number of years. His support was augmented in turn by Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Jordon, both ex-headmasters and the present headmaster, Mr. Woods. The co-operation from all of these gentlemen has helped the Guild tremendously. As this is Mr. Kepert's last year as Principal of the College, I wish to tender on behalf of the whole of the Parents' Guild, our deep regret that he has to leave.

We do, however, wish him all the very best as we do, we have no doubt that his exceptional ability and outstanding personality will take him far.

A. WATSON,
President.

● FOR SALE

One only "Complete Student's Outfit" (Mark 3 with racing modifications).

A prominent member of the Eighth Form, leaving at the end of 1958 finds that he has no further use for the above-mentioned outfit. Offered F.O.B., for £6/6/-, this outfit is exceedingly cheap and the lucky student who buys it will have his academic, sporting and social success assured. Briefly, this well worn but well preserved outfit consists of:-

A copy of "1,000 Late Excuses" Part 1 (limited edition).

A genuine bamboo shoot slipstick.

Three yard steam shovel for use in Oxometry.

A small black leather-bound book containing names, addresses and phone numbers of girls in Art School.

A smaller black leather-bound book containing names, addresses and phone numbers of Office girls.

47 assorted keys.

Miscellaneous aspirins, etc.

Small quantity midnight oil.

Set of examination papers — 1959.

Stock of two-ended candles.

A copy of Grimes "Statistical Analysis of Methods of Falsification of Results" — Volume II.

One 7 oz. glass for beverages, etc.

One rubberized canvas groundsheet.

A comprehensive list of Post Offices on road from Melbourne to Canberra.

A small digital computer complete with digits.

Sundry, miscellaneous unidentified objects.

All contained in a large wooden tea chest on vacant lot near college. No reasonable offer refused. Please contact Jim or phone UL 1048 (prison hours only).

● PREFECTS



PREFECTS

Back: R. Beebe, P. Ager, G. Gahan, R. Cameron, D. Livingstone, D. Chung.
Front: B. Osborne, L. Smith, R. Hughes, K. Jacobs, B. Linforth, A. Simmons.

The first six of our prefects were either prefects or acting prefects in 1957 and automatically became prefects for 1958. Of these six, Graeme Gahan was the only prefect with full status. The remainder of our prefects for 1958 were selected after consultation with the students and members of the staff of the junior school.

Kevin Jacobs (Head Prefect)

Lyndon Smith

Graeme Gahan

Don Livingstone

Adrian Simmons

Dennis Chung

Ron Cameron

Robert Hughes

Brian Linforth

Peter Ager

Ray Beebe

Barry Osborne

Our prefects have performed their duties very satisfactorily and have given excellent service in the supervision of the tuck-shop. For these services the school extends to them its very sincere thanks.

● CONCERT

The 1958 concert was peculiar. The Juniors dominated the first part of the programme and interval heralded the Seniors. The cast was tremendous. The Engineers and Art Students worked and played together in perfect harmony (there was one fight, but this was part of the programme and the only casualty was the backdrop). The rehearsals were hectic but after a while people began to realize that the inspiration which prompted characters to kill, plot, and savagely stage revolutions was money! Everyone soon understood this — shy engineers, inspired by the idea of wealth roared rhetoric across the stage in true Shakespearean style. The past students played little jokes on the audience — keeping them occupied “out-front” whilst the scenery was being changed “behind”.

Lindsay Graham was our compere and he ran the show in the style of a T.V. programme called “In Caulfield Tonight”.

The first item was the “Male Ballet”, in which students — “male” — showed how elegant the human body could be when blended to the liquid strains of classical music. Our original idea was to stick 15 in. of long black hair under the armpits of our ballerinas, but we thought this would make the audience sick. So we didn't. This act received an encore. It was purely art for art's sake. Money matters came later.

The Engineering students cooked up a real “pot-boiler” when they shocked the audience with “Missionary on the Menu”. Suntan lotion produced Congo Cannibals who decided that a “White meat” diet was not enough for their gluttonous appetites. They needed something else to keep their young warriors from leaving the village. Their choice was one of the female art students.

Next America and Russia became involved once more in a rat race for the cheesy moon. The result was nothing more than an explosion which kept the back-stage staff coughing for the rest of the show — upsetting the concentration of the temperamental actors.

The climax of the whole affair was not when a junior student fell from the balcony or when a certain non-actor thought he was a fairy and tried to convince the audience that he could act, but the final sketch “Robin Hood”.

There may have been one fault with this item, theatrically speaking, and that was that the students enjoyed it even more than the viewing audience. There was a party on stage — and boys will be boys! eh girls? I have never seen such faultful acting. They became so carried away with the drama that they forgot their lines. How's that for sincerity?

As Robin turned out to be a scoundrel, and kept all the money they had been stealing from the poor for himself, there was a revolt, led by Friar Tuck. Unfortunately the Sheriff came to Robin's aid and turned the tables — I mean this literally — for there was a glorious table on stage. But Enid Blyton didn't write Biggles books for nothing. The airmen entered to a fanfare of Shakespearean trumpets on St. Crispin's Day to turn the tables back on Robin. There was another battle in which the backdrop disappeared. In disgust, the back-stage staff started pelting things at the actors! However, Biggles managed to dominate the issue by calling for more money, and, as he termed them, “a couple of popies”!

To conclude, I can only say that the audience went home with mixed feelings: but I am sure a good time was had by all.

P. Oysten.

31

● STAFF V. STUDENTS GOLF

The annual match was again held at Amstel under excellent conditions.

Once again our thanks go to the Manager and Committee of the Amstel Golf Club for their friendly co-operation and generosity.

The students led by Keith Porter won by a comfortable margin in spite of a big marginal win by Mr. Kepert, who was the leading performer for the Staff.

Of the seven annual contests the students have won 4 and the Staff 3.

The Staff will be out to balance the inscriptions on the Challenge Bin next year, but to do so it might be necessary to ask the authorities that only teachers on single figure golf handicaps be sent to Caulfield in future.

SOCIAL ACTIVITIES

• SOCIAL COMMITTEE

WHO'S WHO

John B. Flood — Our Pres. Like penicillin — he grew a fungus — uses it for protection against froth.

Roberta Inglis — our Sec's minutes can't be found — we're wondering where she hid them?

Richard the Gower — Our Treas. — financial genius skilfully handled the large sum of £2/9/6 this year.

FEMMES:

Trying with skill to deceive us all
Verna writes hints on the corner wall (and takes them)

Mick, Mick, Mick, Michael,
Michael, Michael, Michael, Mick.

(Guess who?)

Lynne's very quiet but she's worth at least six

When making the insides of sandwiches mix.
We give Nat the money to deal with the eats
'Cos handling the "BILLS" is one of her feats.

Halloween, spook nights, "the hayseed hop"
Helen's ideas never seem to stop.

CHASPS:

Chestie appears, though late in the day
In things of decision he must have his say.
At the dances we hold G.D.'s in the bar
And after goes home in his girl friend's car.
With a great deal to say but of little use
Tom usually collects the most lively abuse.



SOCIAL COMMITTEE.

Standing: Bill Swinson, Alan Robinson, Margaret Nichol, Ian Chesterfield, Verna Roper, Graeme Disney, Lynne Whitthorn, Alan Castleman, Natalie Watkins, Helen Webley, John Flood.

Seated: Dick Gower, Tom Smeaton, Bobbie Ingles.

A hilarious giggle and foul smelling briar
Cliff's head comes heavily out of the mire.
Mentone, Bill found us, a spot for a dance
The office, my boy, is no place to advance.
Two Alans who always at meetings appear
Will be running the show without us next
year.

And so all together we moved into gear
To organize social events for the year.

During the year we organized four dances,
all "rocketing" successes; a snow trip; and
one of the biggest ever — the concert party.

DANCES—

The committee decided to liven up the
dances and to give the students a better
run for their money. This aim was achieved
by holding the dances, with one exception,
in various halls and not at school, by having
a more imaginative supper, and by engaging
an excellent five piece band.

Each dance was given a theme:- -

VINTAGE CARS, March 28th:

The first dance was held at St. Agnes
Hall and many old and dilapidated cars
were pictured in various stages of decay
around the walls. This was very good
because it gave everyone something to talk
about when they arrived conversation is
very important as it eases psychological
tension created when young adolescents
fraternize with each other ?!?!?!?

Tension then eased — everyone proceeded
to relax and enjoy themselves. The supper
was consumed at an alarming rate scarcely
seen even at the "Deathridge Dive". The
band received many enthusiastic ovations
and was even asked to "encore" one number
three times. One group of students was so
enthusiastic when the dance finished that
they continued the party in a South American
type dive in the lower latitudes of St.
Kilda.

It was thus concluded that the new
theories on dance improvement were correct
and they were therefore applied to the other
three dances.

THING-O-DANCE, June 11th:

Also at St. Agnes Hall with the same
band. Everyone was required to wear a
"conversation piece". A worm's eye view
of a "kilted" male was obtained by a sneaky
photographer. Another "artist" spent his
entire evening sketching jovial characters,
stopping only to swipe a savoured grape-
fruit from an unsuspecting female.

The walls were covered with sheets of
newspaper with some unrequired words
deleted and other suitable (?) ambiguous
phrases left in. A great deal of trouble was
experienced in trying to keep the lights as
bright as they should be.

HAYSEED HOP, July 25th:

Cartwheels — bailed hay — mistletoe —
fairy lights — cuddle corners and plenty of
chicks. This hop was held in the college
gym, the idea being that this was the biggest
barnyard in Melbourne. A well known pair
of social hens arrived dressed in brief hes-
sion bags (they might have been sacks but
sacks are usually quite long). This caused
great consternation when a high ranking
grazier (staff member) arrived to see how
the peasants were getting on.

A certain notice was painted in one corner
by one of our better known committe mem-
bers, and with the mistletoe as an extra
incentive, its advice was widely taken. Many
odd looking paper farm-yard animals were
seen wandering across the walls of the gym.
In all the excitement the band forgot which
instrument they were meant to be playing.
To solve their dilemma, they took turns at
playing each others instruments and many
truly barnyard noises were heard until the
right combination was finally found.

SPRING FROLIC:

At Caulfield Park Pavilion on 10th
October. Since the first day of sunshine
appeared on 8th October, it was decided to
put some spring in the air at the last dance.
Despite the fact it was pouring with rain
again by the night of the 10th, everyone
joined in the spirit of things and many a
young man's fancy turned to ———.

A forest of vines, trees, saplings, weeds
and an odd flower or six were seen growing
in paper form on the walls. The same loyal
band was in attendance.

Since this was to be the last dance, the
social committee "hired" two experienced
entertainers.

Guy and Ruth, the bomb and the bomb-
shell, respectively, told funny (?) stories
and sang some classy numbers. They were
much enjoyed by all and many quiet yells
of mirth were heard about two hours later
when a few of the brighter ones amongst
us at last got one of the jokes.

The supper went so quickly that tables
were hardly necessary for the plates.

This dance was most successful and
wound up the social events for the year on
a very gay note.

The five music makers at each dance are known as the "Rockets". We are grateful to them for wearing out our shoes and for joining so much into the spirit of the dances.

We are very grateful to those few girls for the marvellous suppers they so willingly prepared and for the production of numerous advertisements and posters and to those few blokes who helped decorate and later clean the halls. Without the kind help of Mrs. Matthews and Mrs. Bindt in the tuck-shop, the social committee would have been hard pressed to organize the food and drinks with such ease. We are all indebted to our tireless President, who toiled to make the "social" year a success. We thank you all.

In every way, with the possible exception of profits, the four dances this year were most successful and all present seemed to enjoy themselves.

THE CONCERT PARTY:

At Mentone Life Saving Club on May 8. This memorable party was held on the same night as the record performance of the 11th Annual Concert. The party started at midnight and finished at —.

From knowledge of the numbers attending previous concert parties the Social Committee organized food and drinks for 50-60 bodies. Certain members were thus noted to be turning a pale shade of green as the 200th guest entered the already bursting club-rooms. However, the multitude was fed on a massive round of cheese and a few biscuits.

It seems that so many toasts had been drunk in the latter scenes of "Robin the Hood" that when a few past concert toasts were taken, certain leading and (literally) supporting players were unable to withstand the effects and the leading man was seen to retire behind the piano and was not seen for a few hours. A large number of stranded brown fish were retrieved by one of our life-savers. Strange things were happening????

Two or five records were played a thousand times and much merriment was had by all.

THE SNOW TRIP:

Mount Donna Buang, August 10th.

Three buses containing a total of 100 laughing, singing, joking, noisy (and in one bus suspiciously quiet) students and friends were packed off to Mount Donna Buang on August 10th. The theme or idea of this trip was to go and frolic in the snow. Since for the ten days before the trip we had been

having sunshine and warmth, the hopes of seeing any snow were not very high.

As the distance to the mountain slowly decreased what hopes were left were considerably lowered. However, not to be discouraged everyone made the most of the trip and had a good "Mud Trip" as it was then named.

A few keen hiking enthusiasts braved the slippery muddy track to the summit and managed to see a patch or three of snow. Another group of budding Boy Scouts proceeded to light an enormous fire and successfully filled everyone's eyes, ears, nose and throats with dense acrid smoke. However, smoke signals were sent and received, lunch eaten and an invigorating walk in the dripping undergrowth were experienced before a tired but happy party returned to town.

THE PAST STUDENTS' BALL, July 4th:

A small group of students attended the P.S.A. Ball this year. They were honoured and had great pleasure in meeting the wives of some of the staff members also present. It is always wise to see both sides of an argument. The students had a very vigorous evening and they were all fascinated by the band. Afterwards the students wended their merry way homewards.

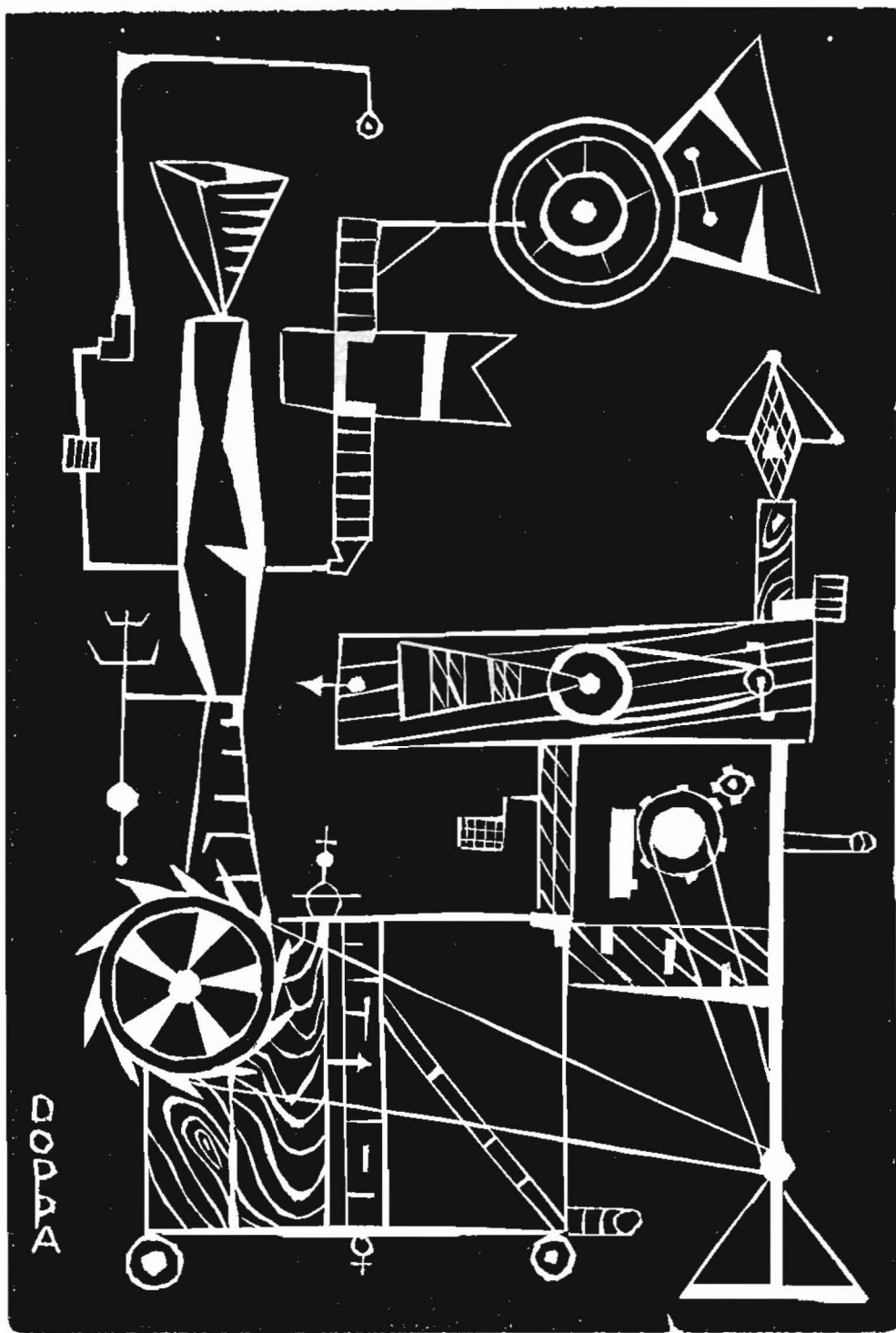
POINT LEO PICNIC, April 25th:

Although not organized by the Social Committee this "misguided tour" of the Point Leo area truly deserves a mention as one of the most "active" of "Social Activities".

Three car loads of 8th formers and friends were aimed and fired at Point Leo. Despite the roaring wind and freezing cold, two rugged blokes and one of the less rugged build (but just as game) took to the surf with great gusto. On staggering out of the water, they found a strange lack of towels and proceeded to hunt for them to the cheering voices of the rest of the mob who yelled, "You're getting warmer". Naturally all this exercise called for "refreshments" which were effectively and promptly disposed of in large volumes.

The group then moved to a quaint little shack complete with fireplaces, seats, tables and darkness (it was night-time by then). Many steaks and chops were grilled and more "refreshments" were consumed, again in large quantities. In the early hours of the morning the cars not very silently roared into Melbourne and thus ended a very happy picnic.

Helen Webley
Tom Smeaton



• CAULFIELD TECHNICAL COLLEGE

CADET UNIT

The unit commenced the year with a very good set of trained N.C.O.'s who were successful at N.C.O. and Specialist Training Courses conducted at Lonsdale Bight by 3rd Cadet Brigade.

Notable among these were C.U.O. Phil Williams who came to us from Oakleigh Tech., where he had served as Cadet and senior N.C.O. (S/Sgt.).

Also C.S.M. Gary Guest, who has most successfully carried the onerous and exacting job of Company Sergeant Major with aplomb and even-tempered spirit throughout the year.

Likewise, Sgt. R. Law (MMG), Sgt. Hynes (3rd Mortar), Sgts. R. MacDonald, I. Bull, P. Jacobs (Rifle Sections) and Sgts. Cameron and K. Jacobs with their medical section work which they carried on under great difficulties with lack of equipment.

At the end of this year we lose Mr. Ludge by promotion to Frankston Tech., and he has informed me that if possible he intends to raise a unit at Frankston as healthy competition. Also we are likely to lose WO II Guest, Sgt. P. Jacobs, Sgt. R. Law, Cdt. Gordon to the Army Apprentice School at Balcombe. This is a feather in our caps and a fillip to further endeavour as the Army Specialist groups look to Cadet Units, especially those attached to Technical Schools for their best students, particularly those of N.C.O. standard, who can expect rapid trainee promotion if they maintain their standards as they have in this unit.

During the year we had a visit from Stuart Nicholls who was a Cadet Under Officer in this unit and is now successfully carrying first year studies at the Royal Military College at Duntroon, A.C.T.

We regret this year that we must part with C.U.O. John Flood who has been Senior C.U.O. for the last four years. He has been a ball of energy and an inspiration to N.C.O.s and the C.U.O. who served with him. John is completing his Diploma Course this year and enters industry in his chosen profession next year. A very hearty vote of thanks John for all your assistance and co-operation with the Officers of the Unit! Many, many thanks.

Events during the year in brief:—

1. Seymour Camp. Very successful event in sensibly good weather and training facilities.
2. Unit bivouac at Langwarrin. An exciting arrival, bogging of supply truck and transport bus showing what a united effort by a unit can do to keep things moving.
3. Colonel Clows and Earl Roberts Trophies — competed for in miserable wet conditions at Williamstown Range.
4. Combined Cadet Units Gymkhana held at Scotch College. Sgt. R. Cameron and Cpl. Smith — congratulations on Bren Stripping and Assemble Competition.

In all a very fair year although attendances tended to fall but picked up again and now up to strength.

Once more farewell and good luck to those leaving the unit this year and a welcome to those returning and to intending recruits a double welcome.

J. M. Lamont, Capt.

O.C. Cautech Cadet Unit.

• EDUCATION WEEK

As usual that form of torture known as "Education Week" came along the week before the end of second term. This annual event lived up to all the traditions of the past with a few new attractions.

The "Oscar" for the most spectacular display would go to the lads in the Electrical Engineering laboratory who, as well as putting on their usual display, kept up with modern traditions and had a television set operating, even though it was only showing a miniature picture (obviously they had not paid their licence fee). Visitors to this section of the school were also surprised with the monotonous regularity with which things blew up but then again I suppose this is not so surprising.

The Heat Engines laboratory provided a wonderful insight into that question, "What makes the wheels go round?". Here also things blew up but in this case it was not for the benefit of visitors.

The mad chemist was again let loose in room 19. This fellow, though not exactly dangerous, would provide a good case for a young psychiatrist wanting someone to practice on.

The art school attempted with their display to show what art students spend their time doing between the hours of nine and four. We can only conclude that it must get frightfully boring drawing the same old things over and over again.

The machine shop, never to be outdone, went one better this year and surrounded their display of enormous photos and examples of students' work with shrubs and small trees. Almost gave you the feeling of being in an out-doorium.

The Junior School proved that they do more than just parade in the quadrangle by the displays of their work in a great variety of fields of endeavour.

Education Week is certainly an education, not only to the visitors but even more so to the members of this College.

Ian Thomson

• CAUTEC CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

A Christian Fellowship was formed in the Senior School in 1956 and linked with the worldwide Inter-Varsity Fellowship. It has continued strongly with an average membership of about 17 since its inception. The leaders during 1958 were Bill Brown, 8B (President); Bill Wyatt, 7A (Secretary); and Peter Hider, 8A (Treasurer).

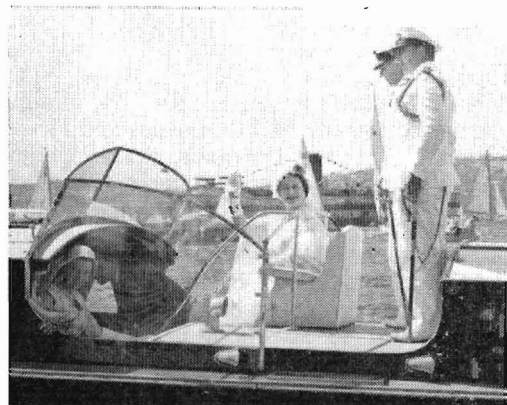
The aims of the Fellowship are to give all students an opportunity to understand better the religion Australia professes and to build up the spiritual lives of its members. These aims were implemented in 1958 by:—

Inviting guest speakers along during lunch hour meetings to speak about specific Christian doctrines. Holding Bible studies and discussion groups led by various members in which all could participate. Screening religious films.

Two carloads of students travelled to Ferny Creek one Saturday to help in the building of a week-end house for the Melbourne University Christian Fellowship (E.U.) and a wonderful time of fellowship was spent in the fresh, invigorating (but bitterly cold!) mountain air of the Dandenongs.

Fellowship members remaining at school in 1959 will continue in and expand the work of the Fellowship under the leadership of Bill Wyatt for that year.

• MRS. JOSEPHS' SON



Sub-Lieutenant H. A. Josephs, R.A.N. attends the Queen Mother on her visit to Balmoral Naval Depot, Sydney.

(Harry Josephs — Old Boy of Caulfield)

Sub-Lieutenant (Special Duties) H. A. Josephs, R.A.N.

In December, 1942, Harry Josephs, having obtained his Intermediate Certificate, left Caulfield Technical School to start work in the Drawing Office of E. Campbell & Sons, Structural Engineers of Carlton, and remained there for three years. But the call of the sea was too strong and in 1945 he joined the R.A.N., and entered Flinders Naval Depot to be trained as a Signaller.

In 1946 he was drafted to H.M.A.S. "Barwon", a frigate and served in the Darwin, New Guinea and New Britain area until September of that year when he was transferred to H.M.A.S. "Hobart" for service with the Japanese Occupation Force, during which time he visited Japanese ports, Hong Kong and Shanghai (China).

In January 1949, he advanced to Leading Signaller and served in H.M.A.S. "Sydney", aircraft carrier, "Australia", cruiser, and back at Flinders Naval Depot, and in January, 1952, was advanced to Yeoman of Signals. In September of that year he travelled to the United Kingdom to commission H.M.A.S. "Vengeance", aircraft carrier, returning to these shores in March, 1953. In August, he was made Signal Instructor and served in H.M.A.S. "Anzac", destroyer.

In October of that year, he was chosen for a qualifying course for Commissioned Communication Officer and sent to England in the S.S. "Orion". By dint of hard study, Harry was promoted Commissioned Communication Officer in July 1954 and was appointed to H.M.S. "Decoy", Royal Navy "Daring" class destroyer for 18 months commission in the Mediterranean and Home Waters. He visited France, Italy, Malta, Turkey, Egypt, Lebanon, Algeria, Gibraltar, Norway, Denmark and Russia (Leningrad).

In February, 1956, he was appointed to H.M.S. "Mercury", Royal Navy Signal School, for 6 months, on the training staff. He returned to Australia in October and was appointed Staff Officer (Communications) to the Flag Officer in Charge, East Australia Area, where in January, 1957, his rank was changed to Sub-Lieutenant (Special Duties), in charge of R.A.N. Officer titles.

In March, 1957, Harry was appointed Flag Lieutenant to Rear Admiral W. H. Harrington, C.B.E., D.S.O., Flag Officer in Charge, East Australia Area.

The proudest moment of this ex-Caulfield Technical student was undoubtedly on Saturday, 22nd February, this year, when as Flag Lieutenant to Rear Admiral D. H. Harries, he escorted Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth, The Queen Mother, aboard the Royal Barge from Balmoral Naval Depot to Manly.

Caulfield Technical College is proud of Harry's achievement, but much of the credit must go to his parents; Mr. and Mrs. A. Josephs for their love and understanding and also to his wife, nee Peggy Rodgers, of Ormond, whom Harry wed in March, 1952. The lot of a sailor's wife is hard, but Peggy and Harry are very happy and have two little girls now, Judith who is four and Jillian, one.

Yes, Harry Josephs has come a long way. To get his Intermediate Certificate, he was "apprenticed" to Mr. H. Green, in the blacksmith shop, in his last year at school, and it is due to sheer grit and determination, qualities which he showed then, that he is where he is today. These qualities can be acquired by every student of Caulfield Tech.; they are the ones which count. Who knows, in ten years' time, your school may be proud of you too?

W. F. Welton

• S.R.C. SPORT COMMITTEE

At a well attended meeting on August 25th, representatives from ten Cautec sports teams officially inaugurated the S.R.C. SPORT COMMITTEE.

The Sportsmaster, Mr. Dobell, outlined the proposed aims and functions of the Sport Committee. He pointed out that the continual growth of the College was necessitating expansion in sports activities. It was, therefore, in students' interests that the S.R.C. should actively assist in fostering and administering sport. These were reasons for the decision to form a properly constituted S.R.C. Sport Committee which would function throughout the whole school year.

The Principal, Mr. Kepert, addressing the meeting, congratulated all concerned on the high degree of success which had been enjoyed in sport during the year. He said that he approved of the formation of Student Committees, such as the Sport Committee, to help in the organization of the College. Senior students benefited from the acceptance of responsibility and the gain to the College was similarly, considerable.

It was then agreed that an executive be elected to carry on the work of the Committee until next Annual Meeting in 1959. Bill Wyatt was duly elected President and Arnold Smith, Secretary.

Interesting and informative oral reports were presented by various delegates and many delegates also tabled comprehensive written reports which, in most cases, will be of great assistance to Committees and Sportsmasters of future years.

It was agreed that the executive should draw up a statement of Aims and Rules. This statement (containing the Aim together with Nine Rules concerning the organization of the committee) was subsequently adopted by a General Meeting of the Sport Committee on October 16th, and later approved by the Central Council of the S.R.C.

The agreed Aim states:

"The Aim of the S.R.C. Sport Committee will be, at all times, to foster Sport amongst the greatest possible number of students."

The S.R.C. can congratulate itself on having secured the services of two such enthusiastic sportsmen as Bill and Arnold for the initial executive of this Committee.

"THE LARK"

• MY VIEW OF "THE LARK"

Josephine Paulusz (Queen Yolande)

The play was an acknowledged success. The scenery, the lighting, costumes and especially the acting, were considered excellent for amateurs.

Apart from the initial success of the production as seen by the rest of the group and by the audiences, there is the angle of those who took part in it. My part was neither a major learning one, nor a very important one. Yet, my active participation in the play was a very enjoyable experience. I have always loved the theatre. I was happy in the character for which I was cast, and I thoroughly enjoyed making and wearing the costume designed for me. The points of production which I encountered will benefit me later on, no doubt.

In addition to this chance of appearing on stage, there was the very educational experience of watching and taking part in rehearsals. These rehearsals, with their

striving for true interpretation, their clashing and resolution of personalities, and their comradeship, had an electric quality which cannot be captured in proper performances. There were tremendous opportunities for the observation and appreciation of human relationships. This fostered in me a keener awareness of other people's personalities.

Although there was a personal satisfaction in my having played my part well, this feeling was subordinate to one of kinship with those involved — the feeling that I was a unit in a living and artistic creation.

My only regret in being a member of the cast is that, as such, I could not see the play in its entirety.

The play we chose is well worth knowing, and I feel that I am the richer intellectually as well as emotionally for having read and studied it as closely as I did.

Our group venture, although rather ambitious for such a young and inexperienced group as we are, was well worth while.



Joan Pleads with the Dauphin

• MY IMPRESSIONS OF "THE LARK"

Wal Frankish, SACII

I was disappointed that I could not see "The Lark" as did the members of the audience. Being familiar with the whole script, the moves, the setting, the lighting and general production of the play I found it hard to take an objective view. I will leave that to other people outside the group who came along and saw our particular production for the first time.

When readings of the play started I joined in, not with the vague hope of one day having a Hollywood contract thrust under my nose, but simply desiring to learn just what goes into a play to make it come to life. I was well aware that I would have to give up a couple of nights a week to rehearsals if I was included in the cast or maybe even more time to assist in set building. I was not spurred on by any desire to immortalise SACII of 1958 but instead thought it would be handy to learn something of the theatre so that later, when I would be teaching, I could help with the staging of a few school plays.

As our Producer predicted early in the piece, we soon became bored with the reading and sometimes I had the feeling that perhaps we had been a little ambitious in selecting Anouilh's play. Then the costume designs were shown and the stage setting finalised and our enthusiasm was elevated for a while.

A few more weeks dragged by with what I thought half-hearted rehearsals in the little Scout Hall at Malvern. I was unsure of my part as Beaudricourt and I don't think it would be unfair of me to say that many others were in a similar plight. Some of the company had a good idea of what was expected of them by the Producer and I was rather apprehensive that I would let them down.

Then we began moving the play and with each rehearsal I discovered new meanings and hitherto hidden subtleties in the script and I started hoping for the best but

inwardly preparing myself for the worst. With about three weeks to go the costumes were not all cut out, the sets were still figments of the imagination and tickets weren't selling very well.

And then the sky fell on my head. Everything seemed to be happening at once. Girls were frantically sewing up costumes during the lunch hour and at home, boys were borrowing hammers and saws from the woodwork department at the Tech., rehearsals (in dead seriousness until our concentration broke) were going full steam during the week and the weekends and everyone was coming to school in the morning with coffee lounge complexions.

The last few days before the first performance I kept having that horrible fluttering sensation in the stomach that usually precedes important examinations but like the rest tried to hide it with a casual couldn't-care-less exterior. Everything seemed so disjointed and nobody could say with any certainty who was doing what.

Waiting around offstage before the full-dress rehearsal was an ordeal. It seemed hours before the lighting and stage were prepared but I was somewhat appeased by the thought that the electricians had accomplished in a few hours what normally took a day or two.

It was awe-inspiring the way in which what had been a confused jumble in my mind fell into place during that rehearsal. I realised how creative the theatre is. A script, a Producer, and a group of student-teachers plus sheer enthusiasm had created a stage production.

Whether or not it was to be well received I was still in doubt at the time.

After the first night the people who crowded backstage just overwhelmed us and we knew we had won. The second night was much easier. We were assured of a good house and annoying little details had been corrected. Again the curtain calls at the conclusion and the backslapping and jubilant laughter. And then emptiness. It was all over - just like that!

ESSAY SECTION

● "HERITAGE"

J. E. Dorn, 6D

In 1960, the spaceship was complete. She was named the "Mystery" and was a result of the recent discovery by Dr. Eric von Schultz of a method of containing the terrific energy of the Hydrogen bomb. The theory behind the discovery was that instead of trying to find a material to withstand the heat of the reaction, a material was developed that used the energy radiated in the wrong direction to fuse together the atoms of the material to form atoms that were unstable (radioactive). These decomposed but the terrific heat caused them to recombine. In this way all the heat that was not used to propel the ship was stored in reverse atomic reactions, so that when the reaction in the chamber was stopped these radioactive materials continued to give off energy and so return to the original substance.

The sole occupant was to be Terry Stanovich, a brilliant scientist in his own field of radio-astronomy. Terry had spent five years of solitude in Tibet, where he had learnt to survive without contact with others for long periods.

He took off in late November, 1960, the event being given big news coverage throughout the world. His destination was the Nebulae Andromena. When he left Earth he accelerated to about one tenth of the speed of light. After a few hours, when he had left the solar system far behind, he switched the space-warp generator through to the atomic motors. The low hum of the generators was reassuring and he opened a valve that let the space-warp surround the ship.

This warp when completed formed an electro-neutral field of negative matter that enclosed the portion of the space through which the ship was travelling. He then switched the reaction motors on to full power and the great ship surged forward.

The ship itself was not moving relative to the immediate space surrounding it and so its speed was relatively zero, for the space around it was enclosed in the space-warp which, being negative mass, did not alter its weight on increasing its speed to the velocity of light.

Using this arrangement the ship was able to travel at many times the speed of light

without expanding to infinity as Einstein's Relativity Theory postulated.

As the motors were running all the time the ship was constantly accelerating; now as time goes slower in anything that is accelerating, the ship's acceleration was adjusted to a value so that time, although seemingly normal inside the ship, was running in reverse to that on Earth.

Terry, all this time, busied himself working on his navigational calculations to avoid collision with large meteors and cosmic clouds. These, of course, could not penetrate the space-warp which presented an outer surface that was concave. However, any obstructions might cause the complex pattern of the space-warp's existence to change with unforeseeable results.

He reached Andromena in what seemed to him to be six months, only to find that the vast expanse of swirling gases were completely uninhabitable by even the lowliest forms of life. He did, however, in his searching find some information which could have led to the construction of a new theory of the evolution of the solar systems.

Having completed his survey in three weeks he turned his massive ship around and proceeded back to our solar system. Again the ship accelerated and again time went backwards. When he reached Earth he was physically twenty-eight years old but the date when he landed was 1930. He sank the ship in the Pacific ocean, having baled out just before she hit.

When he reached the water he inflated his rubber boat and drifted into land. He knew by his calculations what the date was and he also realised that nobody would credit his story if he told it, so he didn't tell anyone.

He took a job at a research laboratory, where his superiors marvelled at his knowledge of advanced science. A year later he was married, three years after which his wife gave birth to a boy which they named Terry. Terry junior remarkably resembled his father, in whose footsteps he followed by studying radio-astronomy.

Again it was 1960. Again a Terry Stanovich was to pilot a space ship to Andromena. Just before he took off a photographer took a photograph of Terry and his father; several of the nearby officials remarked how they resembled one another in every little mannerism. Wouldn't they be surprised to find out that the pilot of that space ship was in fact his own father!?

• THE ADVICE: "IF YOU WISH FOR PEACE PREPARE FOR WAR?"

Rex Swanson

When we, of this troubled age, glance back through the turmoil of history to the great trials and calamities that have beset nations in their will to prevail against hostility, it is abundantly clear that the rivalries, and hence the wars, of the past have not in the majority of cases resulted from the conflict of ideals, but from the clashing of nationalisms and the self-interested jostling for trade and possessions.

Today, however, the schism that cleaves the peoples of the earth into two opposing camps exists for quite a different reason. Men view the opposing bloc with cynicism, doubt and suspicion, but beneath such an attitude lies not the hatred that characterized bygone antagonisms. This stance is largely a measure of the incompatibility of two opposed beliefs; beliefs, curiously enough, both aiming at the betterment of the human lot.

Time, with its healing powers, has not mellowed this rivalry. Indeed it has only thrown it into sharper relief. Fear of the enemy prods man on to produce more and more potent methods for peoples to butcher peoples, and with each passing year the bloated arsenals of the world are crammed with some new weapon of mass destruction.

"Yield not", is the order of the day, and the voice of compromise goes unheeded in the tumult.

Out of all this can be elicited a military doctrine common to both sides. "If we fall behind in the armaments race, if we show any signs of weakness, the enemy will grasp the opportunity and defeat us. Therefore, if we desire a continuation of peace, we must, in effect, prepare for war, by maintaining an ever ready military establishment at least equivalent to the enemy's."

In a short-sighted way this is probably true. The immediate threat of head-on conflict is largely removed by a balancing of military power. Fear of retaliation and the knowledge that victory would not be easy are effective restraints. But in the long run, and history bears witness to this fact, it is an extremely unwise policy, for prolonged military competition has always ended in rupture and in war.

It has, therefore, become the professed aim of every self-respecting government to do something to remedy this explosive situation, and to this end complete international disarmament would seem to be the only lasting cure. Unfortunately many complications here ensue, and after much frustrated effort it is becoming clear to the peoples of the world just what a herculean task international disarmament has proved to be, and apparently will continue to be.

• THE MEN FROM SNOWY RIVER

There was movement at the College, for the
word had got around
That the engineers were going far away
To see the Snowy Mountains (if the money
could be found,
And if the cars could travel all the way).
There was Lanky Thomas Smeaton with his
Holden car so grand
No faster driver ever meshed the gears
And Jim (that's Donald Begbie) for his
Riley made a stand
With fingers crossed, he cried, "She'll go
for years".
Jinn took his new Volkswagen and a cup
of petrol too
(For standby, just in case we lost the way)
While John Wright with his Humber Snipe
was in a dreadful stew
For his springs had fewer leaves left
every day.
It was early in the morning when the con-
voy left the school
(With all cars but the Humber on the road)
Poor John with his spring trouble had to
break the convoy rule,
And follow, hours behind, with all his load.
When the cars all got to Sale, things were
looking pretty bad
The Riley needed pints and pints of oil
But it ran out as they poured it in — poor
Jim looked very sad
As he stood and watched the radiator boil.
With a little string (and putty too) the car
was quickly fixed
And quite a robust oil-tight joint was made
Things looked extremely fine until poor Jim
began to pine
"Now I'll have to drive the darned thing
in the shade."
But they all pressed on regardless as Lakes
Entrance came in sight
Velocity was not extremely slow
Atop a lofty lookout point our heroes did
alight
And dined, between bites watching seagulls
soaring far below.
Then Jim stopped with a jolt — he had lost
the vital bolt
And from his sump the precious oil flowed
But Jim made the repair good with a little
plug of wood
As he lay beneath the engine in the dust
beside the road.
With Bombala not in sight, rain and fast
approaching night
Were making all the road look black as
pitch

Jim stopped for change of driver and
received an awful fright
When they nearly rolled the Riley in a ditch.
Next day, en route for Cooma when the
wind was icy cold
It really looked as though they'd make the
grade
To be sure, Jim's car was smoking, but it
was 21 years old,
And the pistons weren't as strong as they
were made.
And then disaster struck — all the miles of
roads so rough
Had taken on the Super Snipe their toll
Twixt fan and radiator was not clearance
space enough
And the fan had torn an ugly looking hole.
With fan removed, and holes plugged up,
they once more onward sped,
The Riley belching out great clouds of
smoke
Till in the end they left that car — "It's
better thus," they said,
"In case we meet some firefighting bloke."
And at last they got to Cooma (only sixty
minutes late)
Just two men and one Riley vehicle light
But was worth it when they got their lunch
— such good food on the plate
Made them think the Snowy people were all
right.
They climbed aboard the "Snowy's" bus
and started on the trip,
Accompanied by a very helpful guide
At Guthega, a ladder and a tempting snowy
slope,
Allowed our lads to show how they could
slide.
They saw the tiny power house in the valley
far below,
The pressure tunnel's mouth was close at
hand
To lead the waters plunging down the slopes
where lay the snow.
A soft white carpet o'er the sleeping land.
Then once again aboard the bus,
And on into the night
The journey's end was Island Bend —
A very welcome sight.
Next day our heroes sallied forth to greet
the rising sun
The Adaminaby before them lay
Some found a tunnel through the dam, where
water was to run,
And climbed 400 feet (with all the guides'
hair turning grey).
A launch trip o'er the waters of the great
Lake Eucumbene

Made quite a pleasant cruise that afternoon
 Until they reached the landing where the
 bus man should have been
 The guide said (touching wood), "He'll
 get here soon."
 At last the bus arrived, and when our lads
 had climbed aboard,
 They drove off at a very rapid rate,
 To Tantangara dam site where the water
 will be stored,
 When the mighty Murrumbidgee's floods
 abate.
 En route for Cabramurra where the night
 was to be spent,
 The bus produced a strange explosive sound
 Our lads got quite a fright, but the driver
 put them right —
 'Twas only the exhaust pipe valve, they
 found
 When they got to Cabramurra where the
 snow lay all around,
 A meal (hot) was placed upon each plate
 And then they tried to go to the local
 picture show
 But were locked out, for they got there
 much too late.
 In the morning after breakfast, once again
 they hit the track,
 And sped around the winding road again,
 To visit more power stations before starting
 to go back,
 To Cooma, where they had to catch the
 plane.
 They got to T1 station and when "tin" hats
 had been donned
 They crawled around the tunnels under-
 ground
 Then back on board the trusty bus and on
 to Tumut Pond,
 Where our famed exploring party yet
 another tunnel found.
 But a certain game of darts our friends had
 played the night before,
 (Resulting in a victory for the guide)
 Had caused our friends to guarantee that
 they'd be back on time
 And how they had to run to make it up the
 mountain side.
 A quick look at the junction shaft, and then,
 at last away
 "Full speed ahead for Cooma", was the cry
 'Twas eighty miles to Cooma, and to catch
 the plane that day,
 It looked as though they'd really have to fly.
 The bus was very powerful with its four
 wheel drive and all,
 Top speed was thirty-nine in highest gear.
 "We've worked this schedule before three

times," the driver said,
 "But then we had a racing-bus supplied by
 Pioneer."
 On and on our heroes sped with tension
 mounting high
 Would the plane be late enough, or no?
 Suddenly they sighted it descending from
 the sky,
 And heading for the airstrip, flying low.
 But from this thrill packed episode, a happy
 end evolved —
 The plane was held while our lad rushed
 aboard.
 The rest moved on to Cooma, with the
 major problem solved,
 As overhead the Ansett aircraft soared.
 Well, of this epic story there is little more
 to tell —
 They got to Cooma later on that day
 John found his long-lost pipe, and it made
 such a dreadful smell,
 That all the other people moved away.
 They went home via Canberra, where the
 politicians grow
 And spent the morning looking round the
 town.
 But at the War Museum, General Flood had
 such a blow,
 When he found his statue must have fallen
 down (?)
 Of course the house of Parliament was
 covered in the trip,
 Our heroes found the House of Reps. on
 show
 They had no rotten eggs, and so to rest their
 weary legs,
 They sat and watched the Members read
 their papers down below.
 And then the happy family split, their
 several ways to go,
 John and Jim, returned, to fix Jim's head
 Tom drove to Melbourne through the night
 - - his speed was really low.
 In spite of what the nice policeman said.
 And so our famous travellers safely reached
 their journey's end,
 And Mac passed round the refunds from
 the "bank"
 When Jim got back to town, the poor lad
 wore a worried frown - -
 He'd had to put another spoon of petrol in
 the tank.
 And when in years to come our lads come
 back, the school to see,
 The students may with awe be heard to say,
 "He hails from Snowy River, where the
 mountain air is free,
 And alternators purr the live-long day."
 N. J. Melford

COLLEGE

EXCURSIONS

• YALLOURN TRIP

The Final Year students in Mechanical and Electrical Engineering assembled at the Yallourn Briquette Factory at 11 a.m. on Thursday, 25th September. We were first shown the excavation known as the Open Cut, where coal dredging was being carried on at various levels, known as terraces. This is a comparatively new system as opposed to the old method which used gigantic bucket excavators, one of which is still to be seen inoperative at one of the lower levels. Extensive fire precautions are necessary, and during the summer water is continually sprayed on to the coal bed.

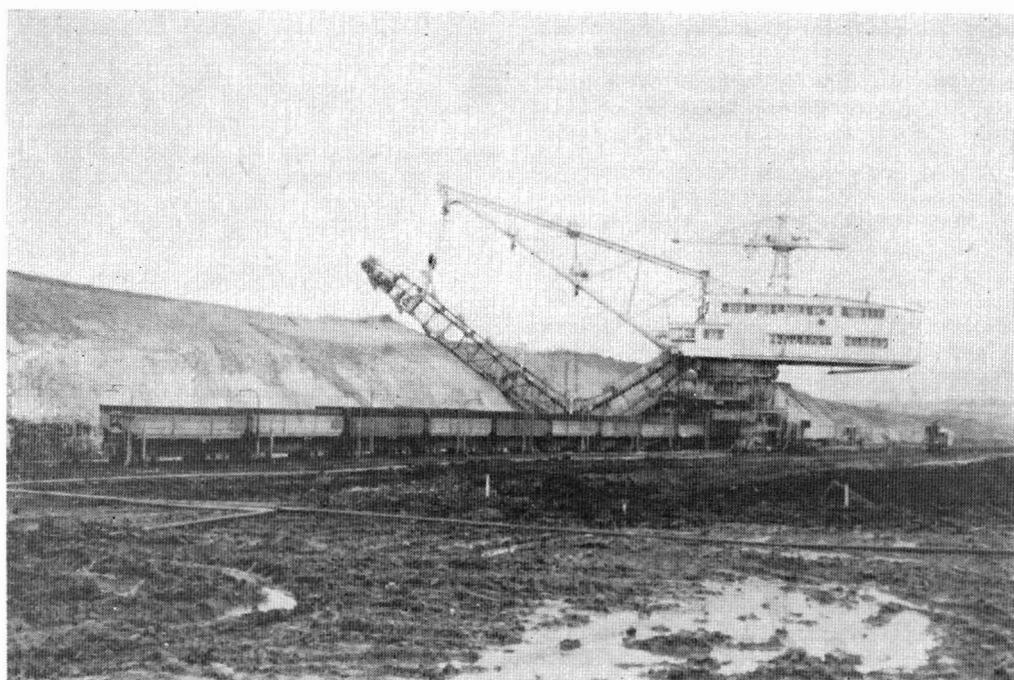
During the afternoon we visited the new coal field at Morwell which employs the latest type of equipment and is not yet in full operation. The coal won from this Open Cut will be transported first by electric trains and then by huge conveyor belts to

the new Power Station and Briquette Works, which are in the course of construction. This Power Station differs from the conventional type in as much that the exhaust steam from the turbines which would normally pass through condensers, is instead piped through large drums to dry out the coal during the manufacture of briquettes.

We were fortunate to see a number of boilers, each in various stages of construction from the bed foundation to the completed boiler, and this gave an excellent indication of the layout and constructional methods used.

After the inspection, we travelled to the Guest House at Yallourn where we were to spend the night. Having finished dinner, we were left to our own devices. One party of students went to the North Yallourn Picture Theatre, and another group travelled to the Morwell Drive-In (congratulations to Dot and Barrie), while the lesser types searched for the Open Cut.

Returning to the Guest House, an eventful night was spent (Great scott, who was that seen drying out on the clothes-line?) and we hope that our tariff covered the repair bill.



Overburden Dredge, Morwell Open Cut

In the morning, some difficulty was experienced in identifying our cars as they all appeared black from the overnight soot, and that black Hillman looked almost immaculate. After breakfast, we journeyed to the Australian Paper Manufacturer's plant at Maryvale where a most interesting inspection of their production line was made, which included the processing of raw billets of wood to the finished article of either brown paper rolls, or pulp for further processing at the Company's other plants. An excellent meal was provided by A.P.M., and we returned to Yallourn, and yea verily an inspection of the Power Station didst then occur! !

The size of this Power Station has to be seen to be believed, for at present it consumes 22,000 tons of coal per day, and on completion of the new "E" station, which will house two 100,000,000 watt turbines, the coal consumptions will greatly increase. It is an interesting thought that this Power Station, which was built in 1925, has given uninterrupted service to this day. The efficiency of the plant is very low, but this is offset by the plentiful supply of cheap fuel from the Open Cut, which at the present rate of consumption should last another 200 years.

Having been shown the superb mechanical section of the plant, we were then taken through the electrical control section, which of course was only of interest to the lesser types. This was the final phase of the tour, and at 4 p.m., we left for Melbourne.

We would like to thank not only the S.E.C. and A.P.M. for giving us the opportunity to inspect their plants, but also Doc. Gerstmann, Mr. Thomson and particularly Mr. Ritchie whose excellent organization made the trip a success.

"Jock and Tim"

• THE TOUR OF THE SNOWY MOUNTAINS SCHEME

For the first time in the long and chequered life of the Caulfield Technical College, the final year Electricals and Mechanicals were invited to be the honoured guests of the Snowy Mountains Authority. The S.M.A. freely admitted that their purpose was to capture alive a fully fledged diplomate, a fairly rare bird in the Snowy Mountain locality.

Two parties of 30 were organised, one consisting of Mechanicals and the other, Electricals. The Mechanicals went first, spending the weekend 30th August to the 1st September looking over the scheme.

The following weekend, it was the Electricals turn to be shown around. The party was split up into three groups to travel to Cooma. One 'bod' went by plane, three by train, and the remainder by car.

Four of the cars were organized to travel in a convoy. There was a Volkswagen driven by Jin Tan, passengers -- Dr. Gerstmann, Laurie Taplin, and Norm Melford; "the" Riley driven by Don "Stirling" Begbie, passengers -- Trevor Boundy, Heinz Edelmaier; a Holden driven by Tom Smeaton, passengers --- Bob McInnes, Rick Blomberg and John Flood; and the thirstiest car of the lot, a Humber Super Snipe driven by John Wright, passengers - Bill (Eccles) Eckhardt, Ron Cerini and Ron Nathan.

Bob McInnes was elected to be the treasurer for the trip not so much because he was trustworthy but because he owned the largest wallet. Also, being tall, it was difficult for him to hide in a crowd.

We planned to leave Caulfield at 8 a.m. on Friday 5th September to allow us ample time to arrive at Cooma before 11 a.m. on Saturday.

At lunch time on Wednesday, 3rd September, it was found that the Humber required a completely new front end and new shock absorbers all round. By 4 p.m. on Thursday, it became obvious that the car was not going to be ready by 8 the following morning. It was decided that the other three cars would leave as scheduled and the Humber would follow as soon as possible.

By 8.41 Friday morning, all had been dragged from their beds and the convoy set off. Norm Melford was plucked from the roadside as the cars sped through Dandenong. About an hour and a half later, refreshments were taken at Moe. Back in the cars again, the distance to Sale was covered, without incident. At Sale, half an hour was spent in taking on petrol and more refreshments. Just after noon, the convoy set off again for Bairnsdale.

Meanwhile, back in Melbourne J.W.M.W. was frantically pacing the garage floor urging the mechanics to greater efforts. "Eccles" and two of 7B were keeping the Office girls occupied at Caulfield and wondering what had happened to the Humber.

At 1 p.m., word came through that the Humber was nearly ready. After lunching very briefly, J.W.M.W., at last took delivery of the car at 1.30. At 2.30, after some very rapid driving and packing, the Humber finally arrived at Caulfield. We hurriedly crammed the car with luggage and bods and at 2.45, 6¼ hours late, began the task of catching the convoy.

Meanwhile, back on Highway 1, the convoy was speeding towards Bairnsdale. It was during this section the D.G.B., decided to pit the Riley against the present Land Speed Record, but due to the car's weight, only reached 75 m.p.h. A protest has been lodged with the timing officials.

After a short stop at Bairnsdale at the P.O., the convoy proceeded to the look-out tower at Lakes Entrance where lunch was taken at 2 p.m. An hour later, the cars were refueled and re-oiled and left Lakes Entrance for Orbost.

Meanwhile, 180 miles behind, the Humber was motoring rapidly to try and make up the leeway.

Meanwhile, in a coffee lounge in Canton—

The convoy reached Orbost at 3.55 without incident and after spending a few minutes at the P.O., the cars pressed on towards Cann River.

However the long distance and high speed were beginning to take their toll. The T.S. Holden and its crew arrived at Orbost ahead of the others and had to wait 20 minutes before the other two cars arrived, the D.G.B. Riley limping badly with very little oil in its sump. A vital bolt had decided to part with the car and the oil, finding nothing between it and the road, naturally chose the road for its final resting place. A crude plug had been improvised, and all of the spare oil was poured into the sump. It was rumoured that someone had lost his hair oil, but this story has not been confirmed.

At Cann River, every available container, including the Riley sump, was filled with oil, and the convoy left for Bombala in drizzling rain.

Now only 120 miles behind, the Humber stopped for the first time to take on more fuel at Bairnsdale. Ten minutes later it took the road again and continued its high speed dash.

The tortuous, rough, slippery road and the noisy car were telling on D.G.B., who had had a strenuous night out before the trip. There soon came a time when the

Riley's meanderings were becoming a bit much for the narrow mountain road and D.G. could drive no further.

J.B.F. gallantly offered his services as co-driver and took charge of the car. Intrigued more by the weird pre-selector gear change than by the road, J.B.F. had only covered about 20 yards before he found he had run out of road and was perched on the edge of a sheer drop. Fortunately, the car stopped before all four wheels had passed over the edge, and the car stuck at an angle of about 45°. While J.T. raced ahead to enlist help from T.S. and crew, D.G. recovered rapidly and set about organizing the salvaging of his car. Some time later, after much towing and man-handling, the car was returned to its proper place on the road. D.G., his faith in his co-driver rather unsettled, continued the driving. Bombala was finally reached at 8.30.

Meanwhile, now less than 100 miles behind, the Humber stopped at Orbost at 8 p.m., and its crew partook of some refreshment. J.W.M.W.'s co-driver W.E., alias "Eccles", now took over the controls and the Humber checked out of Orbost at 8.20. It had been raining quite heavily since leaving Bairnsdale, and the roads had become quite slushy so that as fast as we cleaned the windscreen, it was covered with mud again. After a while, Eccles developed the knack of aiming only for the clean puddles. The car was becoming "two-tone" in appearance with its black top and muddy sides.

The convoy members first had a meal at Bombala then set about selecting a place to sleep. Some more wealthy members booked at the hotel for the night. Due to D.G.B.'s bad state of health, he was also pressed into staying there. The remainder pitched the tent in the Camping area and waited for the Humber. The Humber "roared" into the town at midnight after some anxious miles spent watching the fuel gauge and mileage meter. The fuel consumption in the last section from Cann River had been greater than that estimated, and the fuel gauge needle was bouncing on the zero when the lights of Bombala were spotted.

After spending the night at Bombala, we breakfasted, fueled and set off on our last leg of the journey to Cooma. However, our troubles were far from over. About 18 miles out of Bombala, the Humber had a serious

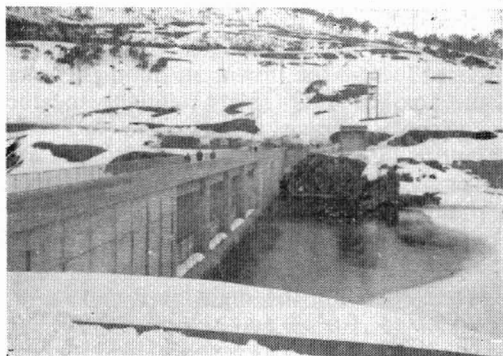
breakdown. The engine and the radiator moved towards one another over a very bad section of road causing the fan to plough into the radiator. The fan was badly bent and jammed, causing the fan belt to slip. It was the smell of burning rubber which drew our attention to the mishap. After much pushing the fan was removed and the holes in the radiator plugged. The radiator was refilled from a nearby farmhouse, and the convoy proceeded on its way after an hour of anxious moments.

By this time, the Riley was losing a great deal of oil from its engine and 8 miles further on, the sump had to be replenished with oil, 7 miles later, more oil had to be added. The car now had the appearance of an oil burning locomotive or a portable version of the Yallourn power station.

When we arrived at Nimmitabel, it was decided to leave the Riley with D.G., and Trev Boundy of 7B, who would inspect the car while the rest pressed on to Cooma.

The Humber forged ahead while these decisions were being made so that we could advise the S.M.A. of our impending arrival. We arrived at Cooma at 12.20 p.m., 1½ hours late, just in time to see the end of a film on the Snowy Mountains Scheme. Ten minutes later the rest of the convoy arrived, and after transferring our luggage from the cars to the S.M.A., bus and draining the car radiators, we began our conducted tour of the scheme.

First, we had lunch at Cooma and then inspected the Engineering Laboratories. We then set out in the bus for the Guthega Dam near Mt. Kosciusko.



Guthega Dam

There was considerable snow at the Dam, much to our delight. T.S. and J.F., commandeered a ladder and spent an enjoyable few minutes tobogganing down a nearby slope. R.B. had several unsuccessful attempts at following suit on a plank. The Guthega power station was inspected and a tired but happy party returned to the Island Bend camp for the night. After tea, we watched some films in the local recreation hall followed by a most convivial evening with the Guides and local workmen and Freda, the housekeeper, in the canteen. R. McI. performed his "Bungle" bogie on the piano followed by several items from T.S. Later J.F. and W.E. put on several acts using the public address system. The party broke up at about 1.30 a.m. T.S. spent a considerable part of the evening trying to phone Freda who had left earlier in the evening with an unknown friend in a jeep.

The following morning, after breakfast, we journeyed to the Adaminaby Dam, where we were joined by D.G.B. and T.B. We learned that the Riley had suffered broken rings and a broken piston in one of the cylinders and that a new piston and rings were to be sent down from Sydney to arrive at Nimmitabel on Wednesday morning. As we were about to set off from the Dam, we noticed that several members of the party were absent. The Guide-in-charge, Eric Scott, was very worried about his schedule and was becoming rather frantic. The bus was driven down to the floor of the valley below the dam but still no sign of the missing members.

When the bus had proceeded on up the other side of the valley some distance from the dam wall, the offending party were suddenly spotted at the top of the wall where we had been originally.

By using the Diversion Tunnel and vertical sluice gate shaft, they had managed to set off down the outside of the dam wall and then return unseen. As we had been standing near the top of the vertical shaft, this plan would have been excellent but for the fact that we moved. When they saw us in the distance, they managed to persuade someone to drive them over to the bus in one of the Holden utilities, that belonged to the American Contracting Company Kaiser-Walsh-Perini-Raymond who had completed the dam 2 years ahead of schedule, a very profitable arrangement.

After lunching at the Dam, we boarded a launch for a 2 hour cruise on Lake Eucumbene. We were advised not to sit on the edge of the deck of the launch as the water was very cold. To keep Eric on his toes J.F. put on a Mae West and announced that he was going to swim.

We spent the trip planning speed boat races and deciding where to put the boat sheds. Since, when full, the lake will be approximately 8 times the size of Sydney Harbour, it will become famous as an inland fishing and boating rendezvous.

At the end of the trip, the launch dropped us at the old Adaminaby township which is now on the edge of the lake but which will be soon underneath it. The only inhabitants of the town seemed to be cattle, so they probably won't mind moving out.

When the bus joined us again, it took us to see Tantangara Dam site where we saw practically nothing except a hole in the side of the hill. We were not allowed to see the tunneling at close quarters because of the danger from falling rock. It apparently rains rather heavily in these parts.

We boarded the bus again to journey to the Cabramurra camp where we spent the night. A quieter night was spent here and was notable in that several members from then on had to be on time because of their lack of skill in the game of darts. Eric, who comes from the country in which every pub has its dartboard, had obviously put in much practice before he had immigrated.

On Monday morning, we inspected the T.1 underground power station. This is definitely the most impressive part of the Scheme. The power station had been built in an excavated cavern more than 1,000 feet below the mountain side. When completed, the power station will generate 320 M.W. of electricity. The valley in which the T.2 power station will be built was next on the agenda followed by an inspection of the Tumut Pond dam. This dam was to be officially "opened" by the Prime Minister, Mr. Menzies, the following week when he was to close the main valves and stop the flow.

After a picnic lunch at the Pond, we had a few minutes to spare before leaving for Junction Shaft. T.S., R.McI., J.B.F., Eccles and R.B. "hired" a Company Land Rover to take them to the entrance of the 14 mile tunnel linking Tumut Pond with Lake Eucumbene. J.T., D.G.B., and J.W.M.W., became interested in the "Flying Fox" overhead crane used for lowering concrete on to

the dam wall. Once again, Eric was faced with a half empty bus at the time of departure.

The last part of the Scheme to be inspected was Junction shaft. To get there, the bus passed along the top of the mountain range. At this altitude, the snow was quite deep and in spots, was piled up almost to window height by the roadside. A couple of the lankier types managed to lean out of the bus sufficiently to collect a few handfuls which were then rapidly distributed about the bus.

Junction Shaft is a vertical shaft dug down to about the middle of the 14 mile tunnel so that the contracting Company could dig at four ends of the tunnel instead of only two. It was also dug so that they could fill it with water to keep air out of the tunnel(?).

After leaving Junction Shaft, there began the maddest race of all time. The two competitors were an S.M.A. bus governed to 35 m.p.h., and an Ansett-A.N.A. Convair Metropolitan which couldn't do much less than 100 m.p.h. without stalling.

The bus was due at the Cooma Aerodrome at 4.05 p.m. to meet the plane so that our wealthy member could return to Melbourne. The bus finally reached the Airport at 4.20 p.m., as the plane was about to leave, and then deposited us at S.M.A. Headquarters in Cooma at 4.45 p.m.

Then began the feverish activity of preparing the cars for the dash to Queanbeyan just under 70 miles away, before dinner. After filling radiators, tanks and sumps, the race was "on". We left Cooma soon after 5.30 and arrived at the Royal Hotel for dinner at the stroke of 7. Incidentally, this is not the best road in N.S.W.

As soon as we arrived, we were ushered into the Dining Room and a more dishevelled mob have never sat down to dinner in a hotel than did that night. After dinner, shower, shave and a change of clothing (the first for several days) we set upon the town in various groups. Later, several of the group settled down to one of the best parties of the tour. Supper was taken at a Chinese restaurant at 1.30 the following morning.

On Tuesday morning, after breakfast, the cars were repacked and refueled and we set sail for Canberra. Most of the day was spent inspecting the attractions of Canberra including the Duntroon College, the American War Memorial, the Australian War Memorial, the shopping centre where

a number of the party became engrossed in some rather outstanding attractions who would grace any city. Tom had to drive around the centre and collect these groups before we could resume our tour. After lunch, we inspected Parliament House where we spent about an hour collecting some "hot air" and then we inspected some of the foreign Embassies after becoming lost twice. We were most impressed by the German Embassy where we saw a very nice streamlined version of a Volkswagen parked alongside a Mercedes.

At this point, the convoy split up; the Holden and the Volkswagen returning home via Yass, where Tom had a slight encounter with the N.S.W. version of the "Boys in Blue"; and the Humber retraced its steps to Cooma where the five remaining, D.G.B., J.B.F., R.B., R.McI. and J.W.M.W., stopped for tea.

We then left for Nimmitabel where we were to spend the night. Some time was spent in searching for a suitable camp site. A deserted hut at the local camping area kept us guessing for some time because it showed signs of very recent habitation. (Later we found out that the local shire warden camps here). We then inspected several paddocks and Rick thought he saw a Bunyip. After some urging he finally ventured forth with a torch, but a minute later came tearing back. We then discovered that it was only a cow. We finally settled for a children's playground as a camp site.

The next morning, after breaking camp, we had a hurried breakfast of biscuits, milk and cheese and then went to the Garage where Don had left the Riley. We were notified of the arrival of the piston and from then on there was some very rapid engine re-building. The cylinder bore and head were cleaned, the rings were put on the piston, the piston was connected to the connecting rod, the connecting rod was connected to the crankshaft, the sump was put on, the head was put on, the head was taken off (we had forgotten something), the head was put on again, the sump was taken off (we had overlooked something else), the sump was put on again, the head was tightened down, the radiator hose was put on, the sump was taken off again (wouldn't fit properly), the rocker covers were put on (it was raining quite hard by now), the distributor cap and high tension leads were put on, the carburettors were linked up, the exhaust system was put on, the radiator hose was put on again, and finally - the

sump was on properly after hours of struggling. The motor fired at 4.00 p.m.

By 4.55, we had cleaned up and prepared to leave for Bombala. At Bombala we refueled and had tea. Three and a half hours after leaving Bombala we arrived at Orbost where we stopped for a snack. By this stage, the generator of the Humber was barely functioning and the battery was becoming almost completely flat. The car had to be pushed to start.

At Bairnsdale we stopped to refuel at a self service pump using about £3 worth of two shilling pieces that Bob had managed to scrounge before we left Orbost.

By now the lights on the Humber were becoming so weak that J.W.M.W. turned them off and followed closely behind the Riley. This was not very easy because the Riley was meandering all over the road. Don apparently finds it easier to let the car wander until it is in danger of going completely off the road before correcting its wander, rather than to try to keep the car in the left hand lane.

At Sale we tightened the fan-belt, which by now was running at the bottom of the generator pulley groove. By tightening the fan-belt fully, it was possible to get the generator working properly again. The Riley sump was beginning to feel thirsty again and after topping up at Sale and again further down the highway, we completely ran out of oil just before Tynan, about 40 miles from Melbourne. We decided to sleep until morning when we obtained more oil and set out for Melbourne, arriving at the College at 9.35 a.m., Thursday morning, six days after setting out.

However, this was by no means the end. After a great homecoming, we decided to head for home to rest. It was then found that the Humber refused to start. The trouble was traced to a blockage in the fuel line, and after much sucking and blowing involving tyre pumps and a Garage air compressor, the blockage was finally cleared and the petrol flow returned. The cars were then refueled and re-oiled and several very tired bods quietly disappeared homewards for a well-earned rest.

In conclusion, we would like to express our very great appreciation for the way in which the S.M.A. looked after our welfare during our tour. It proved to be a very interesting and worthwhile trip. We also express our thanks to Mr. Keper for organizing the two trips and to Dr. Gerstmann who accompanied us. John Wright

• THE ANNUAL NEWCASTLE TOUR

An anxious Uncle E. and 36 nephews (not so anxious) awaited the arrival of the trip father, one R.H. Just before take-off R.H. arrived and panted out the excuse that his sister's "?????" car had broken down. Although one student lost his breakfast near the completion of the air journey, the flight was uneventful.

On arrival at Mascot airport, the fortunate people were rushed to Sydney by a sports-car-cum-Butler-bus, manned by the most unnerved driver of all time, who, accompanied by shouts of "chicken", "almost got him", and "around the block and try again", kept his foot hard on the accelerator all the way to the city.

The following day, Wednesday, after breakfast at the "Beaches", the group boarded a bus bound for a day's tour of B.H.P.

At the entrance gate, the group was introduced to their guide, Mr. Coverdale, who has had charge of all the previous Cautec visits, bar one. The tour took in a visit to the various heaps of raw materials, the processing of these materials into iron and steel by refining in the blast furnace and then in an open hearth. While inspecting one of the latter, some of the students and their guide were splashed with molten metal, caused by an airpocket, and a hasty retreat was made by all.

Lunch was provided by the B.H.P. cafeteria, and the meal was acclaimed first class by all.

During the afternoon section of the tour, the metal was followed from the open hearth to the rolling mills, where the ingots are rolled into various shapes of cross-sections.

Thursday found the students at Commonwealth Steel, where steel is further processed and special steels developed. The largest press in the Southern Hemisphere is contained in these works, the capacity of the press being 5,000 tons thrust. Railway wheels are one of the most important productions, and one of the most interesting at Commonwealth Steel.

Lunch was again provided by the B.H.P. cafeteria, the main course being "Small meat pies", each one equivalent to two or three common type pies.

Stewart and Lloyd's was the scene of the afternoon excursion, and here was seen the manufacture of steel tubing.

The students were up early on Friday for their trip to the Burwood Colliery, the largest coal mine in Australia. Various machines are used to win the coal, all being low and possessing the remarkable ability to turn in their own length. First of all, the coal face is charged with gelignite, fused and detonated, and the fallen coal picked up and loaded by a machine with reciprocating arms, the coal being fed into a truck behind. After a series of tunnels have been bored and tunnels bored at right angles to them, the block of coal which is left is removed by means of a machine with a 3 ft. wide continuous steel tooled belt. The roof collapsed where this machine was working, only 20 minutes after the first group had left.

What was it that the boys saw down the coal mine? Was it so abnormal or strange that even Cautec had to admit defeat? Couldn't they win £2?

After lunch at the Colliery, the group visited Ryland's, where over 800 different types and grades of wire are made from over 95 different steels, which come to Ryland's in the form of rods.

Leaving Ryland's, and heading in the direction of Newcastle, the students found themselves in school, to be precise, the Newcastle College, a large well-equipped school, the rooms being large, cool and airy and almost sound-proof.

Saturday morning found the boys eagerly awaiting the trip to Sydney on one of the N.S.W. "souped up specials", top speed being reverse. The journey started off quite well, but at the half way mark a rumour was started to the effect that several boys had been left at the last station. R.H., with nary a smile, set off to search the wilds of the train. Several minutes later, an exultant R.H. arrived back with three beaming Collegians.

After a very interesting trip, occupied by card playing, at which one R.H., proved a master in the art of mute conversation, reading, singing, etc., Sydney was reached.

The group found their way to the Canberra Hotel by the quick, (sorry, lightning fast) Sydney taxis. **WARNING** — Don't travel by taxi in Sydney, it's dangerous (8/6 for 1 mile).

During Saturday and Sunday everyone went his own way which was either the way of his companions or the way of the moving scenery. Wow! Those who happened to stay with R.H. on Saturday were digging deep by eventide. "A trip to Manly on a

warm day," says R.H., "is good fun". (It was warm, and R.H. did not go for swimming purposes).

After much arguing, a certain film was decided upon. After booking R.H. decided that there was too much leather left on our shoes, and so some of it was worn off on a foot hike around Sydney. Apparently the group and especially R.H., weren't sure of their bearings, for they were content to follow two of the locals around. And at a close distance. (Probably didn't want to miss the scenery). The film, according to R.H. and Uncle E, was a flop; but they didn't "dig" the "hep" talk of the "crazy cool cats".

Early Sunday morning in hot sunshine many of the boys were on a ferry bound for Manly. A large group of boys went to the Manly Presbyterian Church, while others went to St. Stephen's Presbyterian in Sydney.

Uncle E and a few Collegians arrived at Manly, caught a bus in the direction of the Zoo, and later found out, after being joined by R.H. and his group, that buses to the Zoo were as rare as hens' teeth.

Among places visited during the weekend were Manly, Tooronga Park, Bondi Beach and the Domain.

On Central Station, once more, 39 happy bodies were ready for the trip to Wollongong. The time passed quickly in the usual way, with one addition, that of sleeping. The trip abruptly ended when R.H. coolly announced the station the train was at — Wollongong.

An immediate scramble followed in which cards were rammed into pockets, coats were hastily put on. Each person then grabbed a case and descended to the station. A bus took the "lot" to the Normandie Hotel, which was to be our headquarters for the remainder of the trip. After settling in and unpacking, a tired group of boys gracefully retired.

Monday, after breakfasting well, Electrolytic smelting and refining was visited. The above plant is situated at Port Kembla, six miles from Wollongong. This company produces copper, gold and silver. Unfortunately, the gold and silver mills were kept well out of our reach. (An insult to us). The plant yielded much information and greatly swelled our Metallurgical knowledge and samples.

After an excellent lunch at the Karringal Hostel, the plant of Metal Manufacturers was visited. In this plant a great variety of

copper, brass and aluminium products are made and worked.

After tea, many watched T.V., others used the rumpus room and still others had bilious attacks. 7 a.m. again saw us sipping our tea and reading the morning paper, in bed too. That morning we visited Australian Iron and Steel, where we again saw blast furnaces and open hearths, only on a larger and more modern scale, as well as centrifugal casting. Lunch was again had at Karringal, and from there we went to Lysaght's, where closed circuit T.V. is used, so that the operations inside the rolling mill may be observed. That evening, the boys at R.H.'s table (he says) "embarrassed" him by receiving, on top of a four course meal, two returns of dessert, from our obliging waitress.

Next morning we travelled to the new area of A.I.S., where we saw some of the £100 million expansion that is being carried out. This includes the foundation of the second largest blast furnace in the world, a new sinter plant, new open hearth furnaces, and the beginning of a new inner harbour. That afternoon most of us enjoyed a scenic tour of the South Coast district, in an old "double-decker" bus. While the bus struggled to the top of Mt. Kierra, (we believe that this was accomplished only by the efforts of lads pushing at the back) one of our number (so we in the bottom of the bus were told), was so scared that his hair appeared a full $\frac{1}{8}$ in. longer, and that's some increase. From the top of this mountain, an excellent view of the Port Kembla district was obtained.

Wednesday proved most eventful. It started for one group of "idiot children" when they left the tap running in the wash-basin in their room. The plug also found its way into the hole, and the result was one flooded downstairs room. For R.H. it started during dinner. As a result of the morning's planning, a posed photograph was taken. For the part she played in the episode, our waitress was threatened by R.H. After waiting his chance, he pinched her on the XXXXX. Maybe it was only a coincidence, but for the remainder of our stay at the Normandie we had a different waitress. After dinner, R.H. went on a rampage, looking for the camera, and in doing so, lost his wallet, luckily he found the latter.

On Thursday morning after having packed, we left the Normandie for the

A.I.S. hot strip mill. This is one of the largest and most modern mills in the world. Recently, at a cost of £8½ million, it was extended to include soaking pits and bloom mills. The mill is designed to accommodate 30 ton ingots, although, at present, it is only rolling 13 ton ingots. We also saw the tin plate factory which is now providing the bulk of Australia's tin plate requirements. After lunch at the Normandie we left for the station and Sydney.

During the homeward flight, the only items of interest were that the second eldest member of our party (guess who?), spilled his coffee, and was met with hails of "idiot" from those near him; and that Alec didn't play his guitar.

Before closing this report we would like to thank Mr. Keller for organizing the tour, and for its smooth running. Our thanks also, to Mr. Davey, for his help and assistance. Throughout the trip, both of these gentlemen proved themselves to be not only good guardians, but good companions as well.

By this time we hope that B.H.P. and its subsidiaries are back to normal and that they are starting to prepare for Cautech again next year. Finally, a word of advice to those who take part in the tour next year.

**BE PREPARED TO BE EDUCATED
IN SUBJECTS, OTHER THAN THOSE
CONNECTED WITH ENGINEERING.**

"Three Who Know"
"THE BEACHES" Guest-House,
48 Zara Street,
Newcastle, N.S.W.

September 6th, 1958

Mr. J. L. Kepert,
Principal,
Caulfield Technical College.
Dear Sir,

A party of 38 students from your school has just left us after a visit to Newcastle.

Please accept my congratulations on your having so fine a body of young men as the students who visit Newcastle from time to time.

Parties of your students have been staying at this house for several years, and they have always conducted themselves as young gentlemen, so much so that we look forward to having them with us.

Our permanent guests have expressed to me their high opinion of the gentlemanly behaviour of the Caulfield Technical College parties.

Mr. Rowland Keller deserves to be complimented on the capable and pleasing manner in which he supervises these visits.

Your young men do credit to your school.

Best wishes for the continued success of your school and the students.

Your faithfully,

(Signed) (Mrs.) J. Harvey.

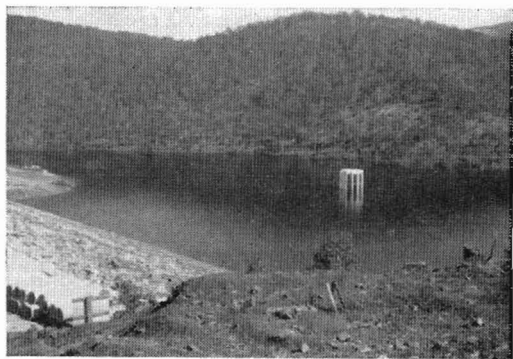
● A GRAPHIC ACCOUNT OF 8A's EXCURSION TO THE SNOWY MOUNTAINS SCHEME:

Of the 29 Mechanicals going to the Snowy Mountains Scheme, seven of the wiser (and more monied) members travelled by plane. The trip to Canberra was uneventful, but at Canberra an extra passenger had to be taken on, and the pilot, fearful that his plane would not leave the ground with the extra body on board insisted that everyone be weighed on an ancient pair of luggage scales. To make matters worse the Japanese Parliamentary Delegation was on board and the interpreter had quite a trying time explaining to them exactly what was going on. Also noticed on the trip — Norm Brasch prefers red-headed Air Hostesses and J.K. reads "Man".

Twenty of the remaining Mechanicals travelled by car and the other two walked. Two cars, driven by Dave Evans and John Clement left via the Hume Highway and spent the night at the Canberra Tourist Camp. The following morning another camper innocently remarked to John, "Noisy mob down at the bottom of the camp last night." To this John gave the classic reply, "Yes — and we had a good time too!"

Three other cars, piloted by Deiter, Muenzing, Ron Scott and Jock McNabb left via the Princes Highway and spent the night at Merimbula. Tell us, Ron, was the water very cold so late at night and does anyone know if the policeman found his hat in time?

Upon arrival at Cooma the weary travellers were welcomed by a brass band and introduced to their guides — Mr. G. O. Black, Mr. M. E. Giles and Mr. R. Dears.



Eucumbene Lake

After inspecting the Engineering Laboratories, the snow, and Guthega Power Station the party was left to its own devices at Island Bend camp — enough said!

A qualified idiot woke the party at 6 a.m. next morning and during the day Adam-inaby Dam. Lake Eucumbene and Tantarara Dam site were scrutinized with intense scrutes. After dinner at Cabramurra, Mr. Black showed some very interesting slides on his trip to U.S.A. — many thanks for an interesting night!

The following day, T1 underground power station, T2 area, Upper Tumut switching station and the Tumut Pond Dam were inspected at close quarters. After the tour finished that afternoon, the plane travellers set off for home in the plane, and the car travellers headed for the Canberra Tourist Camp with the walkers following behind at a brisk walk. Ten o'clock closing in Canberra — hurrah! After rising at an advanced hour next morning the party set off for Melbourne and arrived not very much later.

All members of 8A extend their thanks to the S.M.A. for the hospitality shown them and in particular would like to thank their helpful and persevering guides.

P. Rawlinson.

• 8th FORM EXCURSIONS

After going on numerous excursions throughout the year, a full report on each would be extremely tedious for both you and me, so the following is a summary of as many excursions as can be recalled at the time of writing.

As a start, we went to the near-completed I.C.I. building where we saw modern building techniques for various stages of construction. It was here that we saw that if the lifts broke down, or weren't installed, 17 storeys had an obvious drawback.

After seeing the workings, and having the operation of an air conditioning plant explained to us at I.C.I., we went to Crockford and Robertson, who make air conditioning and factory heating equipment.

Here we were shown around by their best sheet metal worker who demonstrated how to get the circular duct ends caught in the forming machine. We were also shown a very good method of keeping track of all jobs. A scheme which was very good and provided interesting employment for two more citizens.

The Australian Paper Mills was the next place which was blessed with our presence. It was here that one A7 owner obtained enough paper to make gaskets for not only his Austin but also for Austin distributors.

This excursion was not properly appreciated until the Maryvale mill had been inspected and the Fairfield mill placed in its true position in the production of paper.

We now changed our interest from paper to food and especially for one merry bachelor, the factory guides.

Of course this was the excellent excursion to Heinz food cannery. In this amazing place cans are sent up, around, down, sideways and finally filled with food.

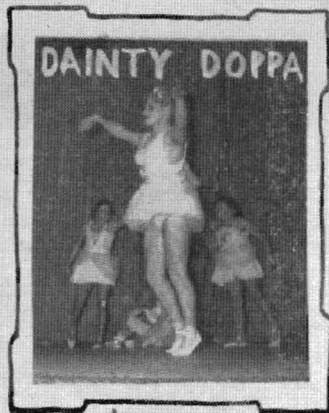
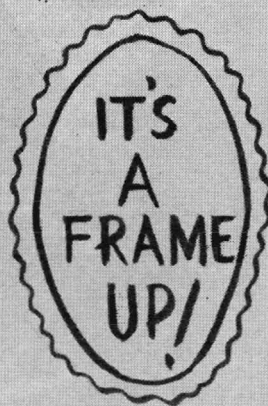
With the aid of an ex-Caulfield Tech., boy Heinz have progressed amazingly at Dandenong, and really know how to approach an engineer—through his stomach.

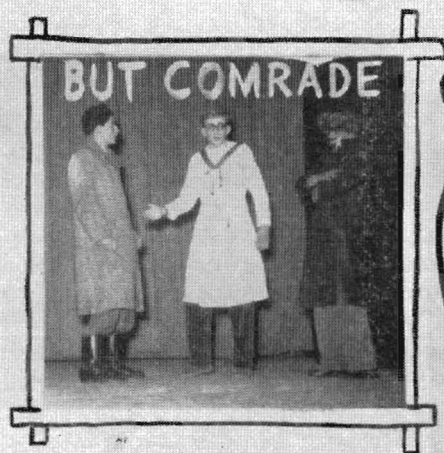
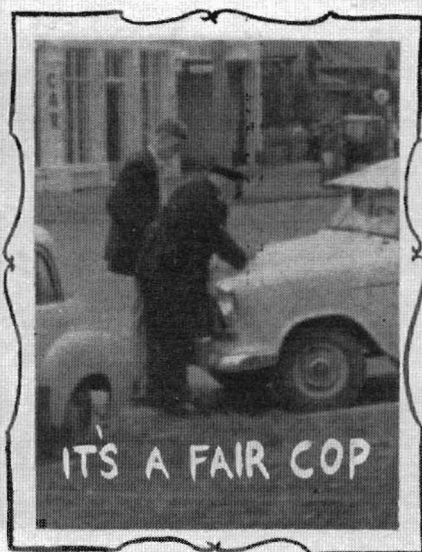
Finally, just recently visited A.C.I., where we saw bottles which compete with cans, but this company tricks all by making advertising signs, cans, cold drawn steel, bottle tops and in a special secret enclosure they even do plastic injection moulding (obviously with those designed by Cautec students).

Even though it may appear from the above article that these excursions were a joke, they were, in all seriousness, excellent extra training which is necessary for our highly theoretical course. To all concerned with the organization and sponsoring of these excursions we would all like to extend our thanks and appreciation for what they have done for us.



Table with Gloves — C. Phillips





SPORT

• SENIOR FOOTBALL

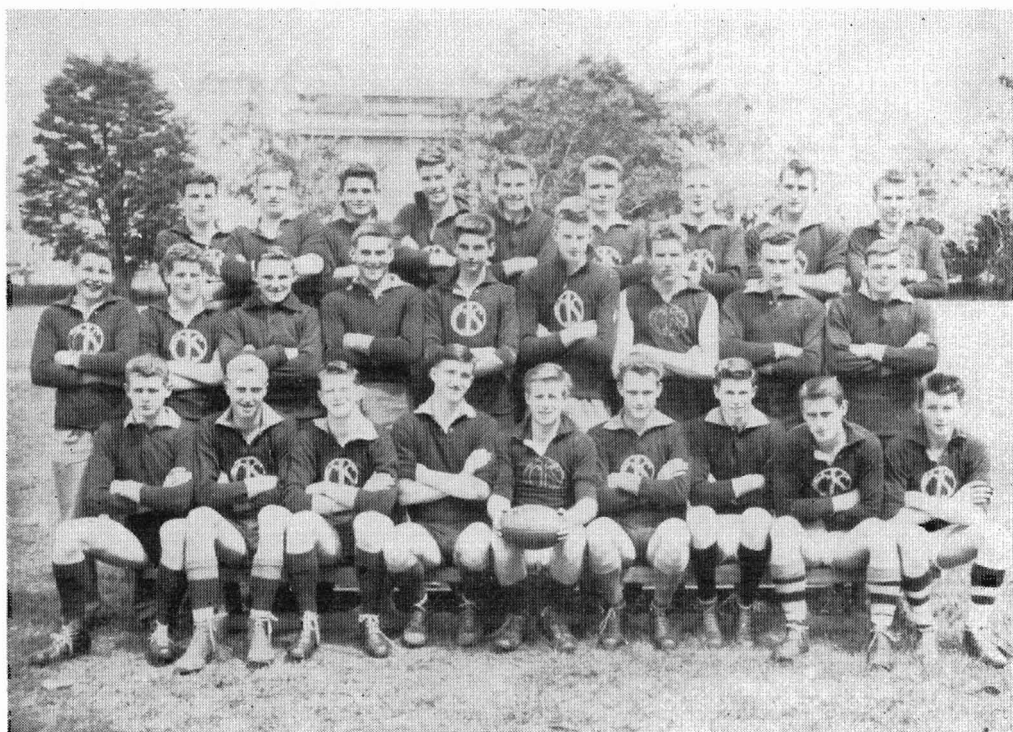
This year was Caulfield's best ever for football. In fact we were on the verge of winning the premiership.

In 1955 we lost every match, 1956 we won one match, and 1957 we won three matches. This year, 1958, we won two matches and had one drawn game. This may not seem as good an achievement as in 1957, but the matches we were beaten in gave little glory to the winning teams as we were defeated by small margins in each case.

At the beginning of the season, there were several practice matches. We won matches against Burwood Teacher's College (seconds), University High School, Footscray Technical School and Hampton High School. Matches lost were against Burwood Teacher's College (firsts), Northcote High School and Toorak Teacher's College.

In the first pennant match of the year, we played Footscray on our home ground. Caulfield produced some brilliant football in the first quarter and at the change over were leading by four goals. In the second quarter Footscray fought back strongly, but were met with even greater determination

58



SENIOR FOOTBALL

Back: I. Sweatman, J. Storey, P. Mudge, B. Basset, W. Neef, K. Ezzard, R. Kuchel, M. Nott, D. Rowe.
Centre: P. Blair, F. Pocknee, T. Crosher, N. McNabb, A. McKenzie, A. Middleton, K. Watkins, R. Morgan, R. Neil.
Front: D. Hughes, B. Culley, J. Hughes, R. Ross, W. Wyatt, R. Drew, R. Andrew, R. Rumbold, P. Michael.

and vigour from the Caulfield team. Heavy physical clashes were frequent, but generally we came out on top. At three quarter time it was apparent that Caulfield were masters of the day running out winners 10 goals 7 behinds, 67 points to 4 goals 5 behinds, 29 points.

Caulfields' hopes for their first football premiership received a severe jolt when we met defeat at the hands of Geelong at Carnegie. Caulfield began with the advantage of a slight breeze, and with great vigour and spirit managed to lead by 3 goals 2 points at quarter time.

In the next half the tables were turned. Geelong took control of the game and at half time the scores were level. By the final bell, Geelong had narrowly snatched victory.

For the next match we journeyed to Ballarat. As usual it rained. Here we won quite convincingly, the scores at the bell being 15 goals 23 behinds, 113 points to 3 goals 8 behinds, 26 points.

The match at Swinburne was the match we had to win, but unfortunately we didn't quite make it. Swinburne showed more system in their football and had some good players in "key" positions. However, the courage and spirit of our side was most evident and lasted right through to the end.

The last match of the season was played against Melbourne at Royal Park. Caulfield couldn't get out of first gear. Perhaps the previous match against Swinburne left too many sores and bruises. Although we appeared the better side the scores were even at the final bell.

Although we didn't do as well as was expected this year, the prospects of a premiership next year are quite good.

• SENIOR CRICKET

After a fairly successful season during 1957, the senior school cricket eleven looked forward to an even more successful season during 1958.

With a team that looked quite strong on paper, we played the first match against Footscray at Caulfield. After a rather hectic struggle, Footscray just managed to come out on top scoring 85 to our 80.

Undaunted, we travelled down to Glenferrie Oval to face Swinburne. We batted first and because of the very good batting (Geoff Marshall 33, Ted McCoy 28, and Lindsay Davidson 21) scored 105 runs for

the loss of 6 wickets. Swinburne rose to the occasion and batted brilliantly to score 110 runs, the winning runs being scored during the last over. Don Clarke and Roger Rayson bowled splendidly to finish with 4/38 and 4/33 respectively.

The last home and home game was played against Melbourne. Caulfield won this match scoring 6/85 to 7/82 for Melbourne. Geoff Marshall batted in his usual excellent style to score 42 of our runs. Roger Rayson finished with bowling figures of 4/26.

The team consisted of:—

Ted McCoy — Captain and opening bat.

Peter Mudge — Good all-rounder.

Lindsay Davidson — A good batsman.

John Randall — A left hand batsman and an excellent close-in fieldsman.

Julian Hughes — Handy as a fieldsman and as a batsman.

Roger Rayson — Excellent leg-break bowler.

Don Clarke — A good steady bowler.

Graeme Carroll — Effective opening bowler.

Barry Munce — Our wicket-keeper and a good bat.

Roger Farrall — Handy with both bat and ball.

We extend our thanks to Mr. Charman for his valuable assistance to the team through the season.

• SENIOR BASEBALL

This year, the Caulfield Technical College baseball team had an interesting, though not very successful season as we again were runners-up for the premiership.

Practice matches were organized against various High School teams before the competition games. Results of these matches:—

Defeated by University High, 8 to 5.

Defeated Melbourne High, 11 to 2.

During the competition series we had our "ups and downs" as far as play went and managed to finish second to Swinburne who were the only team to defeat us. Results of competition matches are as follows:—

Defeated Footscray, 20 to 5.

Defeated Geelong, 16 to 8.

Defeated Ballarat, 27 to 3.

Beaten by Swinburne, 6 to 2.

Walkover from Melbourne, 9 to 0.

After the series one other social game was played against University High, and although fielding only seven men, we still managed to win.

A satisfying year was enjoyed by all members of the baseball team and they extend their thanks to Mr. Billings for the services he rendered throughout the season.

● SENIOR TENNIS

Caulfield have completed the hat trick of tennis premierships. Our team ran out the winners this year with 100% wins throughout the season. Apparently the boys have the game sewn up as even a team comprising members of the staff was soundly defeated.

The team:—

N. Wong (Captain)
G. Savage
C. Greeves
B. Dixon
D. Chamberlain
R. McKenzie
D. Newman

This team has high hopes of carrying off the premiership next year. Thanks are due to Mr. Schonfelder for his help and interest throughout the year.



SENIOR TENNIS

Back: (From left) David Chamberlain, Ron McKenzie, Glen Savage, Collin Greeves.
Front: Brian Dixon, Norman Wong, Daryl Newman.



SENIOR BASEBALL

Back: J. Pearson, G. Copley, B. Wonnacott.
Middle: A. McGregor, E. McCoy, G. Marshall, B. Locke, L. Davidson.
Front: D. Begbie, J. Flood.

• SENIOR SOCCER

This year, for the first time, the Senior School had a soccer team. Although the team did not play in any competition matches, nine social games were arranged with other schools, and not one game was lost. This is a very creditable performance, because some of the teams played were at the top of their various competitions and one particular team had not been beaten for two years.

Most of the team members were visitors from overseas, who proved themselves to be a credit to the school.

The team:—K. Maan (Captain), V. Caune, Ng. Kean Han, Lee Chee Ming, Roy Lin, D. Coventry, I. McFarlane, D. Arms, G. Rose, G. Cunningham, J. Hilton.

Reserves:—Rockman, Leondas, Gault, Davis.

Our congratulations go to all players, and we hope they can continue the good work next year.

• VOLLEY BALL

During the last term of 1958, interest in volley ball was so intense that an inter-form competition was organized.

The matches are being played in the form of a knock-out series and the competition is very keen.

Thanks must be extended to Mr. Dobell who arranged for the new court and to Peter Rowlinson who is in charge of the matches.



SENIOR SOCCER.

Back: P. Davies, N. Liondas, R. Cunningham, G. Rose, I. McFarlane.
Front: C. Lee, P. Coventry, J. Hilton

• SENIOR ATHLETICS

This year saw the introduction of inter-faculty competitions. Because of this, the Senior Athletic Sports held on the school oval proved to be a great success for all concerned. It was evident right from the start that the Mechanicals would win the cup donated by the School Council.

The Combined Senior Athletic Sports were held at Olympic Park. Although we did not win, we certainly had our share of moral support coming from the region of the smoke-filled stand. The top team proved to be Melbourne with 72 points, followed by Geelong with 66 points and Caulfield third with 49 points.

Our best performances were:—

Women's 75 yards Open — A. Harrison, 2nd.

Open High Jump — R. Eckhardt, 1st.

Under 17, 100 and 220 yards — D. Phelan (Capt.) 1st.

Under 17, Long Jump — N. Nott, 2nd.

Open Mile — A. Smith, 2nd.

• TABLE TENNIS

This year, for the first time, two table tennis teams from the College entered the Victorian Table Tennis Association 1958 Junior Pennant Tournament. The tournament was held at Albert Park from 19th August to 20th September. One team was competing in "B" Grade and the other in "C" Grade. Lack of experience proved to be the downfall of the "B" Grade team, but our "C" Grade team reached the finals.

The teams were:—

"B" Grade—Lee Chee-Ming (Captain), R. Forge, J. Uren.

"C" Grade—R. Rayson, P. Fergusson, R. Burr, P. Northhausen, N. Leondas, M. Adler.

The boys hope for better results next year and it must be pointed out that they were not lacking in enthusiasm, for the matches were played on Saturday mornings!



SENIOR ATHLETICS

Back: C. Stringer, W. Neef, N. Leondas, D. Newsome, W. Wyatt.

Front: J. Nation, D. Phelan, J. Smith, R. Neil.



TABLE TENNIS.

Back: P. Ferguson, R. Forge, N. Liondas.
Front: R. Uren, C. Lee, R. Rayson.

• SENIOR SWIMMING

"C-A-U-L-F-I-E-L-D" was the cry which time and again nearly lifted the roof off the Richmond Pool during the Inter-Technical School Swimming Sports on Friday, 14th March.

Responding admirably to the cheering, the swimmers from Caulfield spurred themselves on to ever greater efforts, and victory after victory was the result.

After only a few events had been contested it was obvious that it would be the Caulfield, Swinburne and Melbourne teams that would fight out the finish. Leading nearly all day, Caulfield managed to hold off the strong Melbourne team and carry off the shield for the first time.

Although there were many excellent individual performances - - including Sharple's diving team - the team as a whole should be very proud of its victory and with nearly all this year's team remaining next year, Caulfield seems set to hold

the shield for at least one more year. Best individual performances were put up by A. Young (Capt.), R. Eckhardt, I. Sweatman and the boy from the bush, Neville Thompson.

• JUNIOR FOOTBALL

When the season began, Caulfield's chances of fielding a strong team looked anything but bright. Only five players from the previous year's premiership side remained. However, there were many recruits only too willing to try for a place in the team.

In the first practice match against Swinburne we fielded two teams. The first team consisted mainly of recruits, who played till half time, the score - Caulfield 6 goals behind. In the second half, a stronger team of players, some of them new recruits, played good football to be down only four points when the final siren went. The scores were 10 goals 8 behinds to 10 goals 4 behinds.

We surprised in the next three practice matches by winning all games, most of them by comfortable margins. The standard of football was found to be much harder when the competition started, the result being that we had won only two games at the conclusion of the season, although in the second round, the top teams beat us by only 9 points and twelve points.

The team has been ably served by:—

Simmons: (Captain) Very fast centreman who, on more than one occasion, held the team together with his fast, intelligent play. Apart from School football he was awarded two "Best and Fairest" awards in the Gippsland League.

Secombe: (Vice-Captain) Whose high-marking, strong-kicking and straight forward play saved many goals.

Pickering: A ruckman who plays the game hard, but likes to tuck the ball under his arm and run the length of the field.

Bromeley: Fast, high marking centre half back who gives his forward no room at all. He was ably supported by Livingstone and Cassel, the former liking to throw his weight around.

Finlayson and Purcell: Both wingers whose smallness deceives the opposition, for both are great team men and give the forwards many opportunities.

Booth: Brilliant high mark and kick, also very fast on the ground, an ideal centre half forward.

Wotherspoon: One of the two left foot kicks in the team, also often surprises opponents when turning.

Herb. Matthews: Rover or half forward, whose brilliance in baulking, turning and delivering the ball, baffles the opponents.

Wright: Good safe mark and accurate kick who filled the full forward position.

Murdoch: Classy rover who is fast and very handy near the goals.



SENIOR SWIMMING.

Back: I. Sweatman, J. Mate, R. Piper, D. Hughes.
Front: J. Nation, A. Young, G. Burgher

George: A ruckman who could go all day, very fast and a safe high mark. Kicking mars his football ability.

Slater: Tallest man in the team who is surprisingly fast on the ground — either as ruckman or stand-in full forward.

Forsyth: Strong, elusive ruck-rover whose strong kicking and marking make him hard to beat.

Howard Matthews: Fast strong-kicking defender.

Cook: Brilliant left foot kick, who smothers resting rovers.

Rose, Selleck, Rye and Baldry are loyal and first-class emergencies. All have played one or two games.

Mr. Ludge: Coach and very enthusiastic supporter. Supervised training every Monday night.

Mr. Tonkin and Mr. Luxton: Who helped train the team and, travelled with us to the last three matches whilst Mr. Ludge was ill.

Mr. McGarvin: Ever-cheerful organiser of grounds, umpires and equipment.

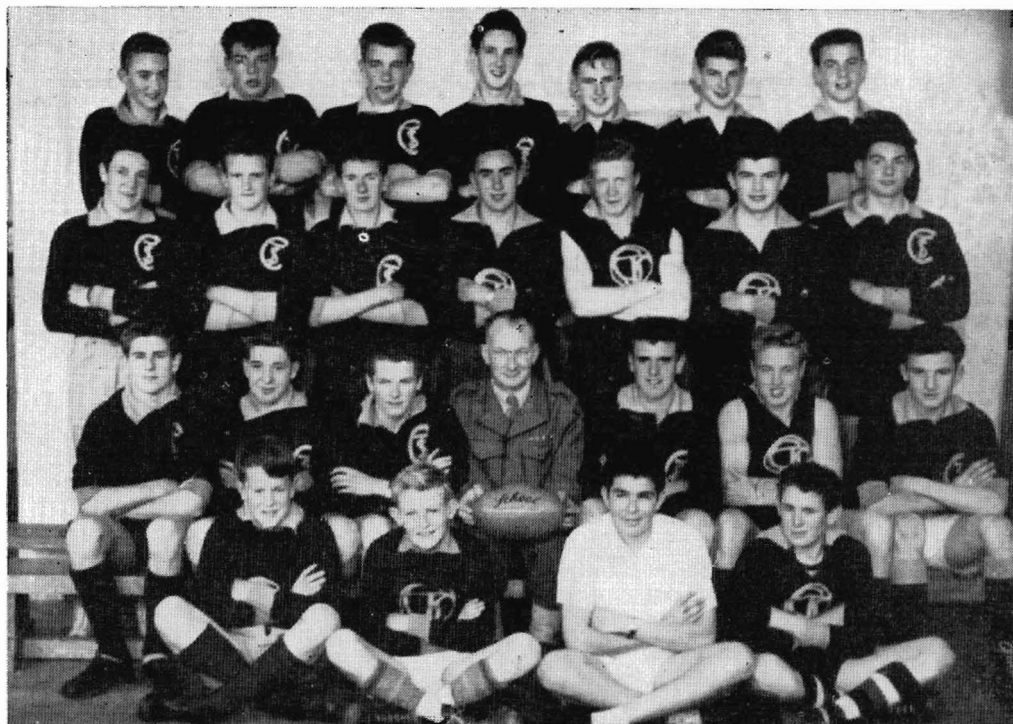
• JUNIOR CRICKET

There were many thrills in the first half of the season — we had to play Richmond three times before they admitted they were beaten!

First game v. Richmond. We won the toss and fielded, on a ground which was more like a paddock than a cricket field. Seccombe and Simmons bowled practically unchanged, taking 4/22 and 4/24 respectively. Richmond was dismissed for 76. At stumps, Caulfield had a rather shaky 27 runs on the board for the loss of 3 wickets.

On the second day rain spoiled any chances of playing — the game was over (so we thought).

Second game v. Oakleigh. Thanks largely to Seccombe and Heron (30 and 28 runs respectively, we made 7/136 in the time allotted. Oakleigh replied with 105 runs. (Simmons 4/16 and Seccombe 3/22).



JUNIOR FOOTBALL

Back: R. Booth, L. Pickering, J. Thompson, G. Slater, J. Bromley, M. Cassel, D. Livingstone.
 Second row: R. Sellick, R. Forsyth, W. Lambert, H. Matthews, G. Williams, A. George, J. Wright.
 Third row: G. Cook, K. Sutherland, A. Simmons, Mr. Ludge, W. Seccombe, I. Murdoch, L. Wotherspoon.
 Front: B. Stewart, B. Purcell, S. Layton, R. Finlayson.

Third game v. Dandenong. They batted first and made only 52. Again Seccombe and Simmons were our star bowlers. "Tommy" had an outstanding day because he also made 70 runs; with Gahan supporting him with an excellent 42; we compiled 8/152.

This win left us on top with Richmond who also had remained undefeated. It was decided to complete the first match. We were chasing 76, and at the end of the day, finished with the same total as they. Another match was, therefore, arranged and this time "our blood was up". We batted and made 3/145, thanks to Seccombe (78) and Heron (31). This total was beyond Richmond, who were dismissed for 97 (Booth 4/8 and Seccombe 3/22). Thus we were the top team in our section, and we look forward to meeting Jordaville in the Semi-final.

Before mentioning other members of the team individually, we must give special praise to Seccombe, who, in batting, bowl-

ing and fielding, was an outstanding player in all matches. He received a very handsome reward: at a special assembly, Mr. McGarvin presented "Tommy" with the bat he had wielded so successfully during the season.

The team:-

Alan Booth: (Captain) An all-rounder.

Good right hand bat and off-spin bowler.
Graham Gahan: A solid bat and reliable wicketkeeper.

"Doc" Murdoch: A promising left hand bat.
Ray Heron: Solid opener, bowls some good leg-breaks.

Col. Kirwan: A young player with sound strokes, who also bowls a very good slow ball.

Bruce Purcell: Another young player with promise; an all-rounder.

Adrian Simmons: A fine swing bowler who can also get the runs.

Howard Matthews: A medium-fast bowler; a bat of the "Bill Johnson type".



JUNIOR CRICKET

Back: K. Simmons, R. Heron, G. Slater, H. Matthews, T. Stanford.

Middle: J. Leach, M. Harris, A. Booth (Capt.), I. Murdoch, C. Kirwan.

Front: G. Kemp, G. Gahan, Mr. C. Tonkin (Coach), W. Seccombe (Vice-Capt.), B. Purcell.

Malcolm Harris: Our reserve wicketkeeper.
Graham Slater: A big hitter.

Thanks are due to Mr. Tonkin for his sound and enthusiastic coaching, and to those boys who practised hard without making the team.

A. Booth

STOP PRESS: The semi-final against Jordanville was won by Caulfield.

• JUNIOR BASEBALL

This year the Junior Baseball had a very successful season; in our section, anyway.

The practice matches played prior to the season showed us that we had plenty of room for improvement. We won only one practice game out of three.

However, when the competition started, our game improved and with consistent play we remained undefeated in our section after the final game. We then entered a semi-final against Preston Technical School where we were outclassed; the final score being 12 runs to 2.

I would like to thank, firstly, all players for their efforts and sportsmanship, and secondly, Mr. Jukes for his assistance and advice.

G. Williams (Capt.)



JUNIOR BASEBALL

Back: K. Jacobs, K. Walters, G. Gahan, B. Rees,
J. Nanscawen.
Front: M. Cole, R. Roberts, G. Williams (Capt.),
J. Gilbert, R. Castledine.

• JUNIOR LACROSSE

The lacrosse season opened this year, finding Caulfield Tech., with a new and inexperienced senior team which was captained by Denis Chung and vice-captained by John Irving. Our enthusiastic coach was Mr. Bydder.

In the first round of matches we met Swinburne, Coburg and Williamstown; our only defeat was at the hands of the experienced Williamstown side, who beat us 8 goals to nil.

For the second round, our performance was not quite so creditable. As well as being beaten again by Williamstown (7 goals to nil), we were also defeated by Coburg who had improved a great deal.

This year, after losing only three matches, was probably the best effort since 1939 and next year we hope to do even better and secure a premiership.

Thanks are due to Mr. Bydder for all his helpful coaching and advice and to Mr. "Mac" for his support. Thanks also to the many supporters we had at every game and whose encouragement helped us on to our victories.

Denis "Bunga" (Capt.)

"CAULFIELD GOLDS"

Under 14 Lacrosse Team

For the first time, Caulfield Technical College sponsored a team in the Saturday morning Under 14 Lacrosse Competition. The team comprised all first year players from Forms 1 and 2, and was captained by John O'Connor with Roger Byrne as his deputy and was ably served by B. Haywood, L. Jenkins, F. Dodson, B. Macnealy, R. Haas, T. Jergens, B. Forster, P. Cook and B. Norman.

Although losing the first four games, improved stickwork and stamina, developed by regular intensive training and extra experience gained during the season, resulted in vastly improved lacrosse. As a result, the Cautec Golds finished fifth, just one game outside the Four.

The success of the team was not due to individual play, but to generally improved lacrosse and teamwork.

Thanks are due to Mr. Cohen, for his after-school training, and to Members of Caulfield Lacrosse Club, for their efforts in the advancement of this team.

With many of our players still eligible in 1959, and with the addition of some "new blood", we are hopeful of a very successful season next year.



JUNIOR LACROSSE

Back: R. Hutton, K. Hynes, R. Hill, R. Brindle, B. Osborne.
 Middle: L. How, K. Fox, R. Heron, T. Stanford, R. Dooley.
 Front: K. Hansen, D. Chung (Capt.), Mr. J. Bydder, J. Irving (Vice-Capt.), R. Tate, T. Courtney, R. Ash.



JUNIOR TENNIS

Back: E. Moseley, J. Bromley, A. Drake.
 Front: R. Lewis-Nicholson, A. Masson.



JUNIOR LACROSSE

CAULFIELD UNDER 14 GOLDS

Back: P. McNally, T. Jurgens, K. McLeod, B. Norman, L. Jenkins.
 Middle: B. Lazzaro, G. Grace, R. Byrne, R. Haas, I. Cook.
 Front: P. Martin, P. Cook, J. O'Connor, B. Foster, B. Harwood.

• JUNIOR ATHLETICS

This year proved successful for the athletic team. At the house carnival twenty-two of the thirty-four previous records were broken. A great deal of time was spent practising baton changing, mainly during lunch hours; this resulted in the Open 4 x 110 yards relay team breaking the record at the Inter-Technical Sports, at Olympic Park on October 2nd. In addition the Under 15 "A" and "B" teams and the Under 14 "B" team were successful in winning their relays.

Some outstanding results were recorded by:—

Open—

A. Simmons winner of 100 yds. (10.6 sec.) and 220 yds. (24.3 sec.).

G. Gahan winner of 440 yds. (56 sec.).

D. Chung winner of mile (4 min. 49.8 sec.).

Relay (Simmons, Gahan, Williams, Murdoch) (47.2 sec.).

Under 15

K. McLeod winner of 880 yds. (2 min. 21.8 sec.)

G. Slater winner of broad jump (16 ft. 9½ in.)

P. Dibben winner of shot put (36 ft. 7 in.).

M. Anderson winner of javelin (114 ft. 2 in.).

Under 13-

Poulter winner of 75 yds. (9.8 sec.).

We also gained many places in other events the total number of points standing at 82, with Geelong West nearest with 53 points.

With these achievements behind us, we are looking forward with confidence to the Technical School Championships.

Most of our success must be credited to Mr. McGarvin who, as usual, did a magnificent job in coaching us, enabling us to win our second successive athletic pennant.

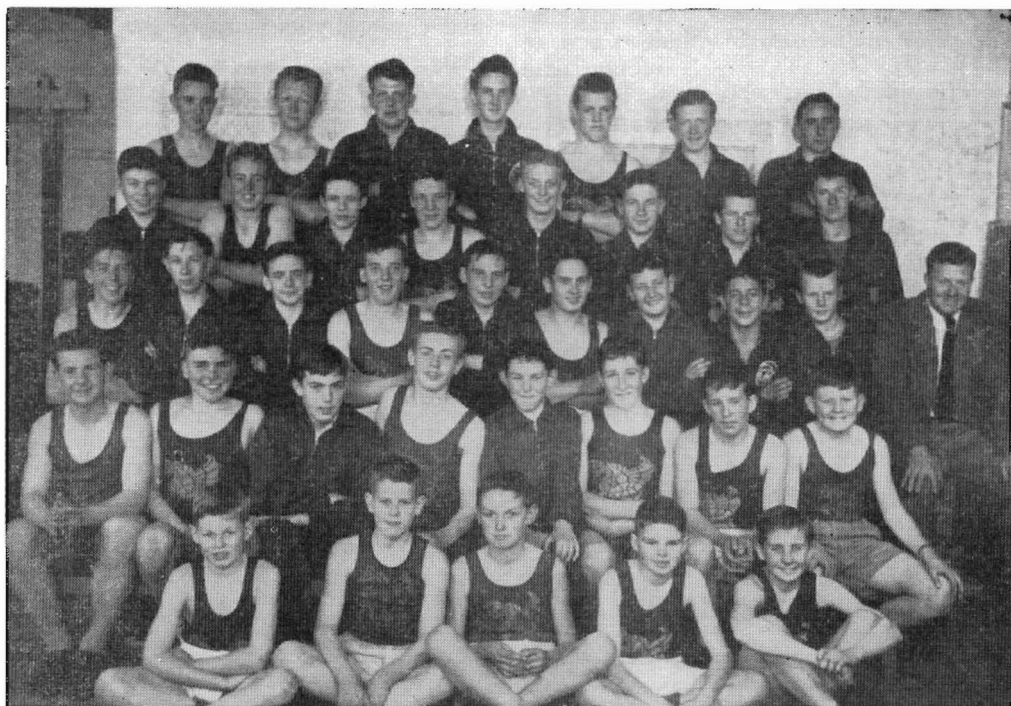
• JUNIOR SWIMMING CARNIVAL

By taking second place in the "C" section swimming competition last year, the School team was promoted to "B" section for this year's competition.

Good performances by competitors in the House Carnival, followed by a month of solid training for the team augured well for our chances to win the Inter-Technical Carnival.

During the Carnival, Robin Hill won his event for the second year in succession, Tony Drake won the Under 14 diving, and Ross McArthur won the open dive. The other team members also did well by swimming into the minor places.

The result of the Carnival was in doubt until the last race. By taking third place, the under 15 relay team won the Carnival for Caulfield, the School finishing 1 point ahead of Collingwood.



JUNIOR ATHLETICS

Back: R. Booth, K. Mence, G. Gahan, G. Clater, J. Bennett, G. Williams, H. Matthews.

Second row: R. Andrew, I. Murdoch, K. McLeod, R. Sellick, P. Dibben, R. Hay, A. Simmons, W. Lambert.

Third row: R. Byrne, M. Biggart, D. Allen, R. Cummings, J. Robinson, D. Chung, G. Wishart, M. Mounter, J. Leach, Mr. McGarvin.

Fourth row: K. Bellingham, J. Zack, P. Satschall, R. Mulder, B. Norman, J. O'Connor, T. Archer.

Front row: N. Wilsher, J. Pallin, D. Eglington, R. Davey, B. Hodgson.

Collingwood must be complimented on their fine sportsmanship in applauding our winning team during the presentation ceremony when the rest of Caulfield unfortunately had to leave to catch the return train.

The Junior School are very proud of their team which in two years has risen from "C" section to "A" section for next year's competition in which we hope again to be successful.

● JUNIOR SOCCER

The soccer team had a fairly good season, finishing third out of six teams in our section. Winning five matches out of ten was a great improvement on last year's performance when we won only one match out of the same number of games.

The goal-scorers for this season were:

M. Harris 7 goals, from centre forward;
P. Dayble 6 goals, inside right;
J. Froiland 5 goals, outside left;
L. Derham 3 goals, centre half.

In only three matches did we field a full team because most players were injured at various stages of the season. If we had been able to select a fully fit side from the best players we may have done even better.

The best player of the season was, without a doubt, John Froiland, who played at outside left or centre half back. Cockran also tried very hard for his first season and was unlucky not to have scored a few goals. A position which caused a big problem was that of goalkeeper; five people were tried at this position before the regular goalkeeper returned after suffering a broken wrist.

Our thanks go to Mr. Humphrey, who in his first year as coach, did a very fine job and constantly encouraged the team.



JUNIOR SWIMMING

Back: Mr. McGarvin, R. Andrew, P. Jacobs, R. Hill, P. Livingstone, B. Linforth, G. Cook, Mr Bydder.
Middle: A. Drake, A. Syle, E. Moseley, A. Simmons, M. Mounter, M. Cole.
Front: D. Allen, K. Croxford, R. Boardman, R. Heylbut, R. McArthur, G. Bartlett, J. O'Connor

● ANNUAL 8th FORM CRICKET MATCH

The Electrical Engineers hereby present the true and impartial account of the cricket match.

Once upon a Friday afternoon late in the month of August, an enterprising group of Electrical Engineering students designed and drew an "Official Challenge", which was accepted by knowledgeable people on all sides as being the daddy of them all. This challenge was of considerable length, longth and lighth, about twelve feet in all — no mean feat in these days — and was duly signed and the Grand Seal of the Order was affixed.

The impact of the Challenge was such that the greasers were visibly shaken, and it took them several days to regain their feeble powers of speech. Showing a high degree of unoriginality, a similar Acceptance was displayed by the greasers but unfortunately, this soon dissolved.

Two things, however, were now portended; firstly the cricket match would be played on Wednesday, 17th September, and secondly the greasers had no hope whatsoever. Several sundry notices appeared in the interim, but unfortunately their subtle contexts were wasted on the illiterate greasers.

On the big day the jerkers assembled a formidable array of hydraulic implements in the Hydraulics Laboratory and successfully held this position against all-comers, until forced to abandon ship by a somewhat irate Captain who, because of the amount of hydraulic fluid on the floor, was afraid that the room might sink. A mass evacuation was made to the room next door and from this base some quite successful sorties were held. Mr. M., however, thought enough was enough and bravely — but unfortunately very foolishly — offered to lead the charge out the door and was promptly wetted by a short sighted greaser.

At this juncture the greasers were somewhat shaken by a loud bang when the Heat Engines Laboratory blew up. The trouble was later traced to a cigarette box which, of its own accord and apparently for no reason, suddenly exploded and removed a gas-meter from its place of abode.

At 1.45 p.m. a fifteen minute lunch hour was observed and the jerkers hastily dried themselves in front of cunningly contrived electric type radiators.

Festivities were then continued on the village green under the watchful eyes of two aspiring undertakers and this is where the story really begins.

The greasers won the toss and batted and in the allotted time of half an hour scored only 43 runs for the loss of some 12 wickets, despite such low tricks as hiding the ball and molesting fieldsmen. The greasers, however, were no match for the devastating jerkers' bowlers, who succeeded in capturing a hat trick.

The jerkers, sensing easy victory, batted brilliantly to score 44 runs for the loss of only 3 wickets. At this stage, to prevent further humiliation of the greasers, a somewhat over-enthusiastic umpire with the interests of the greasers at heart drew stumps in the middle of an over and declared the match a draw. The jerkers, with refined shouts of "cheat", "bounder", "unfair play", etc., approached the umpire and tried to reason with him, but he was not entering into any correspondence on the matter and so was promptly dispatched to the nearest mud puddle.

Unable to take their defeat like men, the greasers began to exchange further unpleasanties and finally had to be subdued by the jerkers' fiendish secret weapon, this time disguised as a crumpled brown bag.

The greasers were thus obviously defeated at cricket, hydraulics and pyrotechnics and the jerkers claim victory, 44 runs to 43 runs and call on the vanquished greasers to do the right thing and come across with the "King Johnne Memorial Shield" so that it may be displayed for posterity in the jerkers' trophy room.

● MECHANICAL VERSION

Once upon a time early in September of the year 1958, the senior form of our College, obviously 8A, showed a definite uneasiness. Many of them had begun to ask why — why hadn't the electrical faculty issued their challenge? According to tradition, having lost the cricket match the previous year, they were obliged to issue a challenge. As none appeared, a small notice was displayed and this goaded the Jerkers into action. Two days later the challenge appeared on the east wall of the boiler house, the gist of it being that they wished to engage us in the gentlemanly sport of cricket on Wednesday the 17th of September.

Approximately one fortnight later, after long deliberation, the mechanicals decided to accept the challenge and a notice was displayed to this effect on the east wall of the boiler house.

Came the eventful day and many mechanicals were seen entering the college armed with stirrup pumps and clothed in yachting jackets and other water-proofed apparel. At 11.30 a.m. a dastardly act of sabotage occurred when a bomb was exploded by remote means in the ancestral home of the mechanicals. This enraged the mechanicals, who sallied forth and engaged the electricals in the Applied Mech. lab. The cowardly electricals then retreated to the Elec. Eng. lab. and endeavoured to gain parental aid in the person of Mr. Mills.

However, by this time, the Elec. Eng. lab. was awash owing to the determined barrage from the mechanicals and the electricals were forced to abandon ship. This brought electricals out into the open and they received the full wrath of the mechanical barrage, which by this stage had advanced to oranges and apples. Many feats of unarmed combat were seen as the battle waged backwards and forwards across the quadrangle. However, as all good things must come to an end, one Mr. Masson

intervened and both sides retired to lick their wounds.

At this stage of the proceedings, by mutual agreement, both teams (armies) gathered together the necessary cricket material and crossed the road to contest "Ye Olde King John Memorial Shield". The umpires, Doc. Gerstmann and Mr. B. Ritchie, after long deliberation decided that each team should bat for 30 minutes. The mechanicals won the toss and batted first. They batted well and hit many 4's and 6's and at the end of the 30 minute period the score stood at 44 runs for a loss of only a few wickets.

There was a short interval during which flour bombs were thrown by the jerkers. However, the mechanicals took the upper hand and many a jerker's face was rubbed in the mud. After this short distraction the jerkers rallied sufficiently and two of them armed with bats, walked forward and stood at the crease. But with our magnificent fielding and devastating bowling, many jerkers' wickets fell and at the end of 30 minutes their score stood at only 43 runs.

The mechanicals jubilantly prepared to leave the field but the jerkers became spiteful and attempted to throw our umpire, namely Mr. B. Ritchie, into the mud. Their plan was foiled when a sudden charge by the mechanicals saved him from a watery grave. The jerkers retreated, but only to regain their breath and the mechanicals retired to their ancestral home. The mechanicals were discussing the days' proceedings and preparing to leave for their respective places of abode when a jerker's bomb exploded shaking the house.

The mechanicals ground their teeth at such insolence and armed with a hose and many buckets attacked the Elec. Eng. lab. with a fury which would have had to be seen to be believed. The jerkers panicked at such an onslaught and beat a hurried retreat but later on they pulled themselves together and attempted to leave the Elec. Eng. lab. At the critical moment one Mr. Masson passed the door and received a bucket of water which was aimed at a jerker. This somehow dampened the spirits of all concerned and all things considered it was decided to call it a day.

The mechanicals would like to thank M. B. Ritchie for his excellent sportsmanship and unbiased umpiring. They would also like to say that, as it was inevitable that the mechanicals would win the cricket match they had the foresight to have the shield engraved "Mechanicals - 1958".



Pall Bearer?

FORM NOTES

• 8A FORM NOTES

Hark! The sound of golden trumpets echo through the portals of Cautec (or is that the anguished cry of Sharples witnessing the cremation of his beloved cabin trunk?).

Only the good die young so the illustrious 8A of 1958 shall be immortal in the realms of engineering.

"The evil that men do lives after them, the good is oft' interred with their bones."

Throughout the following screed we have tried to scatter some good amongst the evil that is sure to remain.

Ross Piper

This boy holds the Melbourne-Sydney speed record for two carburettors and one flame-thrower. He has been known to snoop around doubtful parties (not Di) in a Porsche.

Eric Waechter

The man with the answers—he holds the opinion that all statements were made to be contradicted.

Tim P. R. Hayman

Has, on odd occasions, been known to take time off from his speed boat to drive his scooter bodied Mock VW to school in time for his relaxing period of Maths III.

Norman Hill

A married man with sufficient will power to pedal a supercharged lawn mower to school in time for the first lectures.

Peter Rawlinson

Skiing enthusiast and ardent shutter bug. Thanks to intensive training at a bayside club he is fully prepared to spend his leisure hours life saving Helen from waves of emotion.

Bill Swinson

Another she-ing or ski-ing enthusiast. He buys foolscap in smallest bundles to promote frequent trips to the office where he serenades all to the theme of "Oh My Rosalee".

Ron Scott

Drives around on a loose front end and was seen hanging himself on a clothes line to dry out. Ron and Jill go to the drive-in but not to the pictures.

Graeme Sambell

A keen water skier who manages to keep his head above water.

Deiter Muenzing

Is a young man who will go places, probably as a top executive with Lucas. His VW has only been driven at two speeds, flat out and stopped.

Guy Copley

Had he had his beard in the School Concert he would have looked like the Abdominal Snowman.

An ardent photographer with an interesting collection of anatomical studies which kept students unusually awake during report writing.

John Clements

Is a man of many interests. At all parties he is a good mixer but he likes Dot straight. While driving the family bulldozer he caught a fleeting glimpse of the north end of a south bound cow.

Vilnis (Butch) Caune

Is John's chauffeur on the morning after. When he is not pursuing his photographic interests he takes time off from soccer and speed boats to come to school.

Norm Brasch

Just an "ordinary" guy who, having solved all C.A.C.'s metallurgical problems, came to Cautec to help R.H.K. with the Met. 3C syllabus.

Bob Watt

Swapped his power bulged Singer for a matchless motor bike and now lives on his income from Caterpillar shares.

Dave Brewer

Has the antiquated idea that the only reason to attend school (or college) is to work. He leaves pattern making in a cloud of flying plumbago dust to appease his appetite in the Fitzroy Gardens.

Peter Hider.

The daring rider of a high powered vintage velocopede. He got on the wrong side of the law by passing on the right side of a tram.

Barry Ash

Has ambitions to go "shopping" in his much modified Austin 7. He spends his leisure hours skating on thin ice.

Roy Smeaton

World's fastest driver -there is no Moss on Roy. Spends his spare time floundering after mermaids with a spear gun. Get the point?

Richard Ellis

Couldn't convince his father to let him have the new car so he had to be content with the old one. He studies geology but is not interested in fossils.

John Pethybridge

Tries to get unruly with Julie. He is quite a muscle man, performs fantastic feats in the gymnasium.

Keith Porter

Is a willing party to an engaging task. He is a keen golfer, rides a motor bike and is buying a telephone box on low daily payments.

Dave Evans

Is a genuine worker, and having now brought Western Port Bay he spends his spare time constructing a moth with water wings.

John Sharples

Is Mr. K's pride and joy. He drives four rear engined exhaust pipes. Judging by the way his tongue works you would think it was greased at both ends with Molly sulphide.

Jeno Mate

Uno what we know about Jeno -successfully navigates Ross' VW from Toorak to Caulfield.

Graeme Pocknee

Is physically with us but mentally far, far away. We fear he is building New Castles in the sky.

Fred Strickland

Get ready for Freddy does not apply because Freddy is never ready.

Greg Kemm

The weekend has come at last and the bottle, I mean battle, has been won. Plays a lot of tennis and always knows the score.

Keith Heany

The wonder boy from Benalla, still has the sounds of shotguns ringing in his ears.

Tom Laurie

His back yard must closely resemble that of a second hand car dealer. There is nothing wrong with his motor bike that a new one wouldn't fix.

Norm Wong

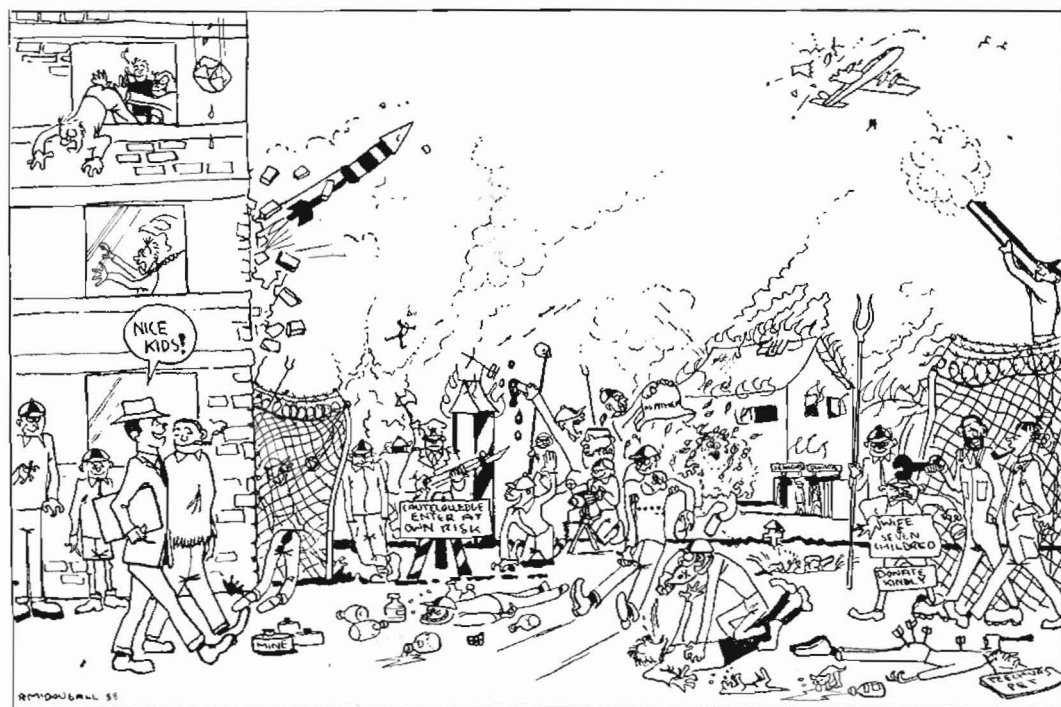
Captained the victorious Cautec tennis team, a commendable effort.

Dennis Turnbull

Lateness is his greatness. He owns a well thumbd copy of 1,000 Late Excuses. Judging by the look on his face he has never heard of King Gillette.

Francis Maher

Man his — crazy. This boy is not a student, he is a tradition. Frank spends his



spare periods either obliterating the marks left by his two brothers or making his own in larger letters.

Neil (Jock) McNabb

Generally manages to drive his set of flashing indicators to school in time to leave at 4 o'clock to pursue his artistic tendencies.
Ken Ford

The "bad" boy of the form, engaged to his female counterpart at Toorak Teachers' College. Proud driver of Fiat M.G. Holden (??) but remains true to his sense of civic responsibility and comes to school by tram.
Doug Johnson

Complains that you can't work when you are tired—he never works so how come he's tired? He is a cricketer of some repute who is always chancing a glance to fine leg.
Barry Locke

Is a keen student, not mechanically but artistically. He divides his time on a diminishing scale between the following subjects—Verna, Austin 7's, Gwenda (his yacht) and school work.
Ian Chesterfield

Is an active member in all (school) affairs. He is now seen driving his rebuilt Austin 7 but Eunice is the model he prefers the most and we mean the most.

Ken Garth

Rises and falls to fame.

"He has on occasions,

When riding the Colt

Suffered abrasions

As he lands with a jolt"

He complains bitterly that it takes him longer to get up Swanston Street than to get to Swanston Street.

Bill Matchett

Now what a lu lu is this boy but when he goes touring the lu lu changes to a glub glub and man on that note we end the darlin' part.

• 8B FORM NOTES

"Bachelors Gay Are We"

D. G. Begbie

Has made rapid promotion to rank of Lt. Col., in the M.F.I., drives "racing-type?" '37 Riley; seems to know quite a few country girls, so alternate weeks takes out a different femme. Is becoming a criminal — maybe because of consuming large amounts of oil. Anyway, we'll all go and testify if necessary. This lad resembles a magic-disposal garbage unit while eating — boy, what a capacity!

R. Blomberg (The little general)

We hear tell his sweetie has gone bush.

He delights in impersonations of four-legged animals and gives exhibitions of running on occasions. Once brought a sleeping-bag to school?!? Rather susceptible to

W. A. Brown

Things best left unsaid; seems to have mastered the art of mind-over-matter especially in regard to schoolwork — the lad must be demented! But can he ever drive a mean slipstick. At the rate this fellow's going, he's bound to win a leather medal.
T. Crosher

Bit of a dark horse from Wangaratta (we made discreet enquiries from a certain female inhabitant of that fair city — but to no avail). He must behave himself at home. He is suspected of being a secret member of the M.F.I.

W. R. Eckhardt (Eccles)

Makes a pastime of molesting office girls, (as if we didn't know why) you know, they even follow him to Frankston; hence rank of Capt. in M.F.I. Recently had lower abdomen punctured and had some spare parts removed — what parts? Hear the nurses are pretty good at washing however.

J. B. Flood

Intellectual, serious alcoholic (read this the way it sounds). Delights in driving other people's cars over cliffs! Drives a '39 Henry which is supposed to beat any Riley. He has just become divorced — possibly because of his R.A.F.-type soup-strainer. (Oh, stop, it tickles!) By the way, this character arrived at school beginning of this year on crutches again — same reason as last time, John? — We think not! !

G. Matthews

This chap disappears every lunchtime. Occasionally drives a beat-up auto-drive Dodge, but always talks about driving the A70 to school (so far we have never seen it — maybe it does not exist).

B. McRae

Now the proud owner of a pretty blue VW. Rich man! Where does the money come from? — Surely not the railways.

R. McInnes (Baron von thereof — famous soldier)

This fellow, also married to a dear little girl from Clayton — where's that? He always wears his military hat the wrong way when not on parade. Funnily enough Yal-lourn air seems to affect him greatly! He drives a lawn-mower disguised as a panel van.

R. H. Jones

Once turned Albert Park Lake technicolour (Oh, what a night it was!). Occasionally takes to the hills on bush-walking trips—seems he stays in camp with the female cook while rest of the party walks. He is very rarely seen in class, and when he is, treats the classroom as one would a bedroom. He rides a white torsion bar, which he has been dismantling and assembling for some considerable period. Forgot to mention, he is the inventor of the double sleeping bag — believes in being comfortable.

N. J. Melford

Still trying to sell component parts? Has had to turn down offers from David N. Martin and J. C. Williamson for leading baritone roles, because of his obligation to the S.E.C. — (Wait until he finds out that S.E.C. does not stand for Singing Equestrian club). He is also a poet of NO repute.

R. A. Pittam

Seems this lad touches his toes to the ballroom floor and actually enjoys it!

T. Smeaton

Here's a bad egg, if ever there was one. He seems to exist in a Toorak flat — fair enough — where he keeps an article known as a "Peter Parking Meter". He's always dragging bodies into his clapped out Holden and dragging them over to the corner, then dragging them aside for an orange juice — very stimulating! Got married, end of last year to the old EVEN . . . , it's all in the name you know. Then there was a phone number (Island Bend 213) and a hut (Hut E, Room 1) — I wonder who belonged to these? Tell Steve when you're married, Tom! This creep also wanted to start a S.C.I.I.A.E.S. — as if we had any!

L. J. Taplin

Fangio (name arising from the way he aims a Vaux. Velox). Claims he will retire from racing this year. It also appears that he is a sound reproducer — this means he reproduces sound on tape-recorders and the like.

J. Tann

Now here would definitely be the most noisy bloke in the class — (Agh, shut up, Jinn). Nearly did us a good turn on the Snowy trip; had a bit of trouble on a bend with his VW and nearly got rid of the Doc.

J. W. M. Wright

Get the initials — his folks couldn't spell and they wanted him, at least, to know the alphabet. Claims to be an expert on

sleeping bags and after seeing his, we believe him! Spent a long time playing with Riley 9 parts and the "car" vaguely resembles a clapped-out T.C. (Poor fellow — but not everyone can own something that resembles T.C.). This gentleman?? is a Sgt. in the M.F.I. (says he's joined the library) — And so off to MERRY ENGLAND (to find himself an English rose, no doubt!)

• D.A.4 FORM NOTES

Joan Burns

One day as Joan was going by
She happened by chance to look on high
What she saw made her gasp with awe
For there on a bracket
Out of her packet
Was something that made her feel sore
"I'll even the score"
She muttered and swore
As she fumed at the mob
Who had done the job.

The D.A. Damsel who starts a riot in most figure classes. Joan has so many boy friends that space does not permit a list.

Every second day she is greeted with the happy birthday chorus — she revels in attention especially from the male gender.

Has perfected a method of dealing with any innocent bystander who may be in the near vicinity of the ever-collapsing easel, i.e., a good kick on the shins or a slap on the back with a 'T-square'.

Last seen, avoiding Mr. Jolly in the corridor.

David Taylor

A sprightly young lad is Dave
With pointed features green eyes and a wave

And now he is leaving the Goodhop is grieving

For the soul he could not save.

David is the lad that is always in something, but mostly practical jokes. If the many people who have been on the receiving end of a water-bomb from the third floor only knew who was the blame, we would have had a tar and feathering at college before this.

Often known to go on a binge to Moe returning starry-eyed on Monday.

With the money he saves on haircuts he buys cigarettes and whisky.

Last seen: grappling with railway inspector (female).

• D.A.3 FORM NOTES

Neville Hamer

Neville the man with the art of high level
To the girls in the school he's a regular
fool

And in the gym he's a muscular devil.

Neville, our modest country lad from Shepparton, joined the D.A's in his third year— A born leader. Has already achieved the responsible and honourable position as black board monitor. Last seen heading in a Sheppartonly direction with 4/- for Mr. Jack.

Ray Rumbold

You see Ray arrive at ten forty five
With his pipe in his mouth and his
rolling stride
He follows the mob to the smoke filled
dive.

Maryborough is still churning out
"Artists". Ray is the sixth.

Product from the Allen realist troupe.
won the coveted honour as champion
weaver for 1958.

While performing the Sir Walter Raleigh
act at Prahran for a certain miss he severed
his thumb at the elbow.

Last seen still enquiring about his bag.

Bill Van Ween

There was a young Van called Ween
As an artist he's always been keen
But not in the college
He needs no knowledge
For it's with girls that he's always been
seen.

The "Flying Dutchman" from Shepparton. From his peculiar diet habits he must have grown up with a warren of wabbits. Comes to school in immaculate "Ivy League" shirts and Royal blue jeans. Should follow as a great artist thus:—

Van Gogh, Van Eyck, Van Dyke,
Van Ween.

Last seen gazing vacantly into space and looking perturbed about a dental appointment that afternoon.

• S.A.C. 2 NOTES

In writing notes of this nature the writer has to exercise extreme caution lest he offend the dignity, prestige and feelings of the readers. However, caution is to be tossed blissfully to the winds as the authorship of this brilliantly perceptive article is to remain anonymous.

To the quiet forebodings of various teachers, one in particular, S.A.C.2 have been engaged in extra-curricular activities with fanatical zeal. The Cautec Concert was written and produced entirely within the Tech., and, after weeks of pessimistic rehearsal, the concert was performed. As amateur revues go, it was quite successful, due mainly to the hard working producer, Peter Oysten. Perhaps its most memorable feature was the big, fat party afterwards, which, among other things, formed a closer alliance between the Art students and the Engineers.

Next on the list of wild successes was the annihilation of "Aida" in the Melbourne Teachers' College concert. Rehearsed in strict secrecy, it wrought hysterical applause from the audience as its insidious effect, masterful in execution, overcame them.

Little can be said about "The Lark", except that it was, undoubtedly, the high point of the year, and the months of intensive preparation and rehearsal resolved themselves into gratifying success. With delicious anticipation the play party was awaited, and nobody was disappointed least of all Jake Lyon whose, "Now it's time for a commercial . . ." added the final touch of lunacy to the Bacchanalian event. Posterity will wonder at the mentality of the twentieth century after seeing Tony Warmington's film, which he miraculously managed to take. The worst call-up in Cautec's history, not unnaturally followed.

Girls from the group were responsible for publicity, supper and decoration of the Tech. dances.

Without detracting from the dazzling personalities of the rest of the group, some mention must be made of the more noticeable members, despite dangers of its swelling their already bursting egos.

Douglas Craig Forster, despite a steady influence has managed to retain the air of a neurotic, moody and unpredictable artist. He tosses convention aside, sneering at conformity and mumbles Brando-like about the intense individuality essential to the search for TRUTH.

His female counterpart, not in every degree, would be Dot Ross. The first girl to tear herself away from the cloistered atmosphere of Cowabee, she has seen many and varied changes of abode, adding to her conventionally Bohemian character.

Perhaps Jake Lyon is a frustrated Court Jester, cheated by time, but his natural ability to turn any situation into something humorous has kept teachers infuriated and pupils inanely gasping for two years.

Roy Irvine and Josephine Paulusz have capably fulfilled the posts of group leaders this year; however much this statement smacks of cliché, it is nevertheless, sincere.

Annie Harrison, the eternal worrier, has devoted herself with saintly dedication to the cause of S.A.C.2, whatever it may be, and has kept many a depressed lad entertained with her detailed descriptions of her morning meal.

After Juliet Barton's many late nights attending sundry meetings and rehearsals she has found no trouble in finding a resting place. A tribute to self-assertion! Her "droobles" have, at last, met public acclaim in Prompt Corner and, no doubt, have been the cause of hideous nightmares of de-hauched coffee drinkers.

Peter Oysten has continually baffled both teachers and students alike with unconnected, intellectual-sounding ramblings. A look of intense conviction has contributed to the lad's ostensible sincerity and it requires skilled perception to spot any signs of theatrical foolery.

No blame could be placed upon any of our teachers for thinking that S.A.C.2 are the forerunners of a generation of irresponsible, freethinking and juvenile citizens lacking any trace of Pure Design sensibilities. Mr. Ellis, however, has endeavoured to instil refinement and punctuality into the heathenistic students, and, on our departure, it would be a fitting gesture to present him with a chained, Victorian alarm clock.

Mr. Lyle has escaped a death by virtual stoning due to his fortunate absences from the modelling room during scenes of bitter clay fights. Patience, under extreme provocation, would be his chief virtue, plus the knack of being able to discuss, at length, the problems involved in subjects such as "Culture".

And it will be good to remember the old times, will it not?

To remember the thing of leaning out of the corridor windows, gazing sagely on the pranks of our juniors; the depression or elation on looking down the long, cold corridor; the heated discussions in the dress-making room; lunch on the plantation; the

interminable, never-ending life classes and the cynical comments on fellow students.

Yet, all shall be forgot.

The bigoted opinions directed at wise teachers; the eternal smug inscriptions on the smocks; the male revulsion at those long socks sported by females; the outrageous cries against periodical edicts from "above", the drowsiness of the afternoon history classes and the wet quadrangle.

Yes. This thing of the remembering will be good. Yes. It will. Yes

Authorship strictly anonymous!!!

7A FORM NOTES

Apart from a few part time students now permanent the only new student in 7A this year was Jim. Over the year Jim has become a very popular fellow, delving very deeply into the lives of the various members of the form.

John Burt

John is the form's leading exponent of Jim and of David Brown products. John's main interests are David Brown products, Jim, D.B. products, Jim, D.B. products, Jim, etc., ad lib.

Peter Shaw

Peter can frequently be seen at lunchtime striding the streets of Caulfield and East Malvern with John Burt, expounding the rather dubious advantages of the "Superior Oldsmobile." Peter's chief interests are:--- the Oldsmobile, Rolls Royces, and the fairer sex.

Ian Alexander

After the mid-year exams, Ian has realised that what Doc. says is true, i.e., that to get the best efficiency as far as the exams go, one must aim for 50 in every exam, thereby not wasting any brain power.

Julian Hughes

If let loose in the Education Department as a teacher, this lad would revolutionise school work. His main idea is that the students should play cricket, football, athletics, etc., during the week and do school work on Wednesday afternoons. Main aim in life, to do just this.

Alan Hoskin

Throughout the year, Alan's fertile brain has kept the class amused with such undertones as mechanisms, tasp, cosp, etc. His chief occupation is telling stories about a certain chemist shop he works in.

Barry Fiddes

Barry was this year's winner of the grand old man contest. This young man has an incessant thirst for knowledge always wondering what would happen if . . . What we want to know is what he does with his umbrella while taking his girl friend home.

Bill Wyatt

Bill will need all the building up I can give him. He is at present doing body building exercises for the 1960 "Mr. Universe" contest. Bill is our S.R.C. representative. Bill's main interest is getting through the finals. Good luck to you Bill.

Carl De Fina

During the year Carl saw the folly of his ways and so he sold his motor scooter and bought his brother's Morris. With this acquisition Carl was finally caught by Jan. Alas, poor lad. Favourite occupation, driving the car to a house several streets away.

Graeme Funder

Graeme's main ambition last year was to buy an M.G. However, his money burned a hole in his pocket so he bought a 1934 Austin instead. The advantages of owning a car are many, but after a particularly dreary day Graeme can be heard to say, "Oh well, out to Mitcham tonight". Can't imagine what is out there?

Alan Young

Alan bought Carl's motor scooter, but since then his father bought a car. Alan's favourite saying is "round to Light's tonight to type some more report".

Ron Bishop

Ron is noted mostly for his punctuality for the first hour. Can sometimes be seen wandering along the passage at twenty past nine.

Heinz Eddelmaier

Heinz is a quiet industrious type and therefore we could not find any scandal about him. Bad luck chaps.

Trevor Boundy

At the beginning of the year Trevor sold his motor scooter and bought the famous Chevy. With his infamous machine he operates a daily taxi service from Ormond to Caulfield.

Frank Whitby

Frank is one of Trev's passengers. Frank has a Ford Prefect, but at the moment it has more defects than the traffic branch allows.

Bob Eckhardt, Barry Wonnacott and Alan Tapin

These three persons for obvious reasons have been grouped together. They are Mr. Flynn's most favourite students and he can be heard to say "I feel very sorry for you three people".

Robert Jones

A friend of Mr. K's, went touring in May holidays. At one stage of the trip he apparently got a bit lost but got his own back in Adelaide. John Vicker, also a May tourist, found that it does not pay to tour Adelaide by oneself.

Bob Kuchel

A refugee from Mildura, decided the only way to pass Elec. Eng. was to join the football team.

Alec Stewart

A daily visitor from Dandenong, is designing a potato planter which not only digs up potatoes by travelling in reverse but also can be driven to school.

Raymond Drew

The owner of the Drewmobile, keeps us enthralled with his exploits with passengers in his car, although since a recent excursion he has decided that the railway workshops haven't got the best array of pin-ups.

Andy Eger

Has bought a T-model, we have heard much of this reportedly magnificent vehicle, but have yet to behold its wonders.

Alan Robison

A quiet little boy was honorary president of the Cautec Yo-Yo Club; at present he is promoting a scheme whereby citizens of modest means can obtain shares in a rhubarb farm.

Ian Thomson

A keen skiing addict, attempted to reduce the metallurgy staff by talking Mr. K. to Mount Baw Baw earlier this year. He did not succeed in his task but Mr. K. could be seen walking very stiffly round the school in the days that followed.

• 7B FORM NOTES

Many times this year we heard that a thesis sentence or paragraph is essential when writing. However, when writing these notes it was essential to "Press on Regardless" and not "Dilly-Dally over such Trifles".

This year we were blessed with four new additions who were not delivered to our

happy family by the stork. Three of them made a spectacular entry in a noisy green Vauxhall while the fourth made an impressive debut on his flying two wheeled machine. The three in the Vauxhall were from Shepparton but the fourth got tired of "shopping" and decided to return to school.

First from Shep., we have Keith "Nobby" Anderson. Keith plays the drums and works very hard, for his biggest desire is to leave the farmyard. His ambition is to be a teacher, so we wish him well when he takes the job of ringing the bell.

Next from Shep., is tall Keith Snell, he wears a felt hat and really looks swell. His main hobby is sitting in a lobby, but not with Knobby, that's for sure. Keith has a "wife" so must keep out of strife.

Last but not least is Rowland's prize student. Neville Thomson, the very prudent. Neville is the owner of that noisy Vauxhall and surprisingly enough has not hit a wall. His greatest delight in the early twilight is to give several passengers a hair-raising flight. Neville is quite a swimmer too, early this year he set a record or two.

Next to fall victim to the pen is John "Jim" Barnes. John is the form brain box and believe it or not, on the piano he's pretty hot. He's a hi-fi fanatic and collects records by the score and always gets them from that Coronet store.

A close friend of John is Don McLean, who is really sold on keeping engines clean. Don's interest in trains is more than a hobby, he wants to be a train-driver and not a bobby.

The youngster of our form is Alan Hansford and true to tradition has a seeking mind. He is always asking why, why, why and it's hard to imagine that he's really quite shy.

Our quiet strong member is Alan Middleton, who suffers in silence his daily train trip. Occasionally he renegs, and enjoys quiet ride in the family car, which he says is better by far.

Brian "Ed" Edmondson is a casual member of our form, he appears but twice a week. Early this year he went with Ron Cerini and Ian Catt for a drive, and into the Yarra they took a dive. Ron the driver became a diver while Ian Catt took off like a bat and Brian got wet but still lives even yet. What they were trying to prove nobody knows, but to get the car clean took more than a hose.

Next on my list are the two inseparables John Randall and Bob Alderson. Inseparable is right, for try as they might, they even have the same vacation in sight. John is a driver and Bob is a diver but neither is slow as we all well know.

Brian Norton is our S.R.C. representative and is also the treasurer of that honoured council. Apart from his she-ing he is very good at cards and sport, and quite recently excelled at "Bridge" and "Fencing".

A good friend of Brian is A.A.N. "Herb Elliott" Smith. Adam's chief pastime is running the mile and even after that won't stop for a while. When playing cards for a while, he gets an inscrutable smile.

The celebrity of our form is certainly Dick Gower. Most of Dick's time at school, when he is here, is spent in the dark room, the art school and Elec. Eng. Store room. He fixes radios, watches and cars, and has proved more than once that he's really no dunce, when it comes to fine finger work it's just his lurk.

Craig M. Pearce is to some very fierce, but taken all round he's really quite sound. His researches this year have made him renowned but when Hank found out he was nearly crowned.

Last but not least we have Jim Mathieson. Jim joined us this year from the "shop", and he soon fitted in with the form and the din. He has often been called the "Man about Town" but this will be met with many a frown.

That is all that I wish to recall, and now a vote of thanks to our teachers, one and all.

• 7C FORM NOTES

This is the first time that form 7C have had the privilege of contributing to this reputable! magazine. This has been brought about by the introduction of Civil Engineering as a full Diploma course at C.T.C., mainly because of Mr. Kepert's perseverance and the building of the new classrooms.

Since we are the "pioneers" you would expect to find us a very hard working bunch of fellas and this is quite true (but also an understatement. You ask Geoff). Also it takes all types to make up this world and our form bears this statement out only too well. And so after the short introduction (and keeping in mind that you, the reader, are "dying" to know all about us) we will

endeavour to enlighten you with a running commentary on each and every one of us. John (Couldn't print it) Storey

John's a mighty footballer (you ask him) and is also a real personality. Being possessed with great concentration and study powers he manages to pass exams. In John's eyes a beauty is a bag and a bag is a beauty if that bag belongs to John, without a doubt, Geoff's favourite pupil.

Max (?) Ilbery

After obtaining a driver's licence he bought a car. Reckon's he bought it so he would be popular after dances. Can't work out why, Max's exam results last year looked like the national debt.

Bop "Coop" Cooper

Max's inseparable friend. Reckon if you saw him not eating a green apple it would be time to call a doctor. Typical "Civil" student as he dances a lot and just loves the girls (although he says — "no one in particular").

Colin "Tinny" Thomas

A hard (at what) working student. His dad's a "bookie", no wonder he passes (?) exams. One very unusual feature about "Col" is that he's crazy about the members of the fairer sex. Geoff reckons he looks like a donkey (no comment).

Rod Neil

Rod has a touch of speed and also genius. He manages to pass "the bugbear of all students" with monotonous regularity. His main ambition is to gain his Diploma of Civil Engineering and his probable fate is to do just that (with honours).

Norman "Jock" Crook

"Jock's" main ambition is to become Commissioner of the Victorian Railways. Apart from estimating the cost of construction of a road to be £19,000 (actual cost £12,000) his main interests are the mobile "Rugby" (remarkable) and "Blondie".

Ivan "Ike" Board

Jock's country companion. Ike's a mighty footballer and is a little bit keen on International trucks. By not including any of Ike's romantic tendencies in this column the author's task has been simplified enormously. All in all, a mighty fella.

Nils "Ills" Anderson

Main ambition is to pass English. Probable fate (no comment). Nils is another of the typical, toiling "Civils" and with the slightest mention of a Porsche, his hair stands on end and he quivers all over in excitement. Apart from translating Chinese

his main interest is Anne. She's in New Zealand at the moment but Nils says she will be back. Nils a real character.

Norman Watson

Another of the brilliant footballers that this form is graced with. Norm's a pretty hot mathematician and he always looks forward to keeping his appointment with the various teachers. By the way was it because Norm was too cold or too hot that his girl (?name) caught the flu.

Colin Greeves

Col is one of the heaviest smokers in the group; the other's can't afford enough for themselves. He's got the game of tennis on the end of a string (of his racket). He's pretty hot stuff at cards but despite this obvious disadvantage on his income he still fronts up to back himself at golf. Rumour goes that, tennis, cards and golf are not his only hobbies (hard to believe though).

Rod Wilkinson

Rod's the proud father, OOPS!, I mean owner of a Vauxhall. Also very interested in earthmoving machinery which does not seem to have any tie-up with his other interests. For some reason he drives past "Corowa" every morning on the way to school — implication — must be some earthmoving job going on there (doubtful).

John "Malts" Maltsahn

Recruit from Footscray Tech. Only new invader in class this year. Motor bike fiend, but still sensible enough to realize that women live in this world (never hear anything about them though so we reckon he is a wolf in sheep's clothing). Comes from out Coburg way (no, not from there!).

David Youens

Does not say much but makes up for this by eating more. He is on a teaching scholarship so he studies the psychology of blackboard cleaning thoroughly. His only ambition is to arrive at school early.

Geoff Richardson

Another one who owns and drives a car. Geoff reasons that if you have a car and a girl you learn something. Knows all about surveying too (?).

Bruce Bassed

Comes from the bush. He's a good footballer too, why in one match he kicked four goals, three behinds, five shins and two teeth out.

Dick Shenfield

Another of the very hard working Civil students. Dick sails the bloke next door's

boat or tries to. She wouldn't budge the other day (mean the boat). His main interests are golf and driving. Dick has some really original ideas — ideas are things that come so freely when he's out with a girl but leave him when confronted with an exam paper.

Norm "Butts" Butler

"Butts" is one of the few who generally stars around exam time. Drives a Chev. of doubtful qualities and he is always seen at his best when playing tennis. He won't say why though. She also plays tennis.

Brian Culley

Has aspirations of obtaining a Diploma of Building Construction. Main ambition is to persuade Geoff not to have Applied Mechanics on Friday.

Ted McCoy

Mad (?) on sport. Main ambition is to go on an around Australia reliability trial in a Vanguard ute with loose spark plugs. An expert on girls and training racehorses he runs with the field. Probable fate — expulsion from school for writing form notes.

This article should not be complete if mention wasn't made of Mr. Geoffrey Verge, B.C.E., known simply as "Geoff". We all wondered why he frequently used to get sick early in the year and then the truth came out — he was getting married (lucky Margaret). Well after the big event (during which the church nearly blew down) he seemed a transformed (section) man. Geoff takes us for most of the Civil subjects and works pretty hard so that we might one day (you'll get the sack) become Civil Engineers. Thanks Geoff.

Well, Err!, that's all for, Err!, for now.

• 6A FORM NOTES

Form 6A this year is indeed a motley group, for where else would you find 31 people with such varying talents (latent talents of course).

To begin with we have those two prominent figures of the cycling world, Monte Brown and Dick Clark who occasionally go for a training ride before coming to School (how dumb can you get?).

Then we have John Leggo, who spends his engineering drawing class reading the rules and regulations of water polo while Richard and Albert Soon try to fathom the brilliant (?) theories put forward by the irrepressible Mr. Forti.

Delving deeper into the field of sport we find Angus McGregor, the handicap of the school baseball team, with Ken Carmody and John Smith still trying to accomplish the 15 minute mile on the running track for St. Stephen's Harriers.

The intellectuals of the form are Alan Castleman (our S.R.C. representative), David Collyer, Jess Hilton, Graeme Ellis and Kingsley Culley (the S.E.C. didn't know what they were letting themselves in for when they gave this lad a scholarship), while Herb Warren is our refugee from the University.

One day Barry Horn will amaze everyone and be on time for a maths 2B class, then he will be able to spend a full hour arguing with Mr. Charman.

Ian Rofe is going to be a teacher, so what right have we to complain about present day conditions.

If you haven't got a girl-friend just advertise for one in the Cautec Courier. George Ditz will tell you about the results he obtained if you are in doubt about this method.

I can't think of much to say about Peter Boykett but if only that Austin A40 could talk.

Two stars of the school football team are Don Clarke and Doug Carter (without them the team might have won the premiership).

Graeme Burgher and Alex Woodman seem to have discovered the secret of the perpetual sore arm, for each time either of them swears the other immediately presents him with a "bocker", and with the vocabulary of these two (no reflection on Mr. Mills) it is no wonder they have sore arms.

Another three Asian students are Yong Yok Yap, C. Chomdhavaj and "Henry" Low, who will no doubt do great (?) things for their respective countries when they return.

John Burdekin is our golfing fanatic (one day he may hit the ball with only one swing), while Cliff McGuinness is the lad responsible for "Rolly" Keller's loss of sleep at Newcastle (Cliff was ill and Mr. Keller stayed up until 4 a.m. caring for him).

Malcolm Cole is one of the quieter members of the form while Ian Roberts is the chief reveller who comes to school half asleep on Monday mornings, still recovering from those hectic Saturday nights. John Callaghan is, I feel, destined to design a

top-notch sports car so keep your eyes open for a "Callo Special".

In case you have been wondering who is responsible for this ghastly mess (take it easy parents, I mean these form notes, not the form itself, it was "Daff", John Davies to the uneducated, such as Mr. Mills of Electrical Engineering fame).

• 6B FORM NOTES

A brief summary of the inmates of an unparalleled form of which C.T.C. should be duly proud and every other form should envy.

First on the roll does not necessarily mean first into lectures as Bob Ash will shyly confess. There have been noisy whispers of late of a better than ever "7", Bob being the last to denounce it.

Here is a redhead that is bright. That sore big toe does not seem to have daunted him on the volley ball court "Dinga" Bell is a demon.

Dennis Cooney, that chappy in the black jeans and pink socks isn't all that bad, in fact he isn't bad at all. Careful with that gun son!

It had to come sometime. What could you say about that BLOKE from up the shop. We can't all smoke double bass pipes and boy, get the acceleration of that hot motor scooter (?).

Hang it all, missed that train again, but it's not everybody who had to walk two miles to the station. Any wonder Bob Farrell dominates on the field.

Ron Faul is that powerful little pardon me microbe who besides turning inhuman on the volley ball court is usually seen disappearing out the door at a quarter to five.

Demons come in angel's clothing they say (do they?) well if you see Roger Ross breaking into a fit of violence you will know that somebody, probably Ron Beckett, has crossed Roger's path.

Have you seen a tall dark athletic fellow around the lockers at 9.30 a.m. Well don't ask any questions as Russel Forge probably had a party last night. "Blow it all, forgot to do my hair again!"

It it wasn't for Geoff Hurle's continual nattering (the bunny) in a certain Applied Mech. class, I would say we would be doing revision now. Don't take it too hard Geoff!

Wing Commander Ken Williamworthy who was the crack pilot of the Pakenham purgers revolt, will tell you anything about rainmaking.

Never have you seen a happier face than that of proud owner of a '37 Vauxhall, Bill Hutchinson. With the clutch inoperative and a gear change made with a hope and a prayer no wonder his 0-30 time is taken with a sundial.

Always conspicuous by his absence is a certain Mr. R. Lim. The sun rises much earlier here than in Singapore so Roy will have to be pardoned.

As if one redhead wasn't enough a second one has to pop up. He promises us he'll convert that cycle of his to a steamer with independent 4 wheel drive with Bonecourt boiler and all a la Peter Galbraith.

You can't tell a book by it's cover, Ron Beckett is really a mighty little guy. You'll never mistake that inimitable guttural sounding laugh and that familiar dull clunk of a certain instrument tin falling.

That laddie Karnups we hear enjoys a couple of holes before breakfast - he's a budding Thompson. Definitely a member of the left wing and is continually down the back with all the arabs.

"Merc" Benns has got us all stumped as to how he entertains a hope of graduating to the 7th form, but by mid-year results "Merc" appears to have everything under control, being an outstanding example of the Ideal Americanized Youth.

"Fred" Gaylor is one of the few authentic motor-bikekeys existing today. How his two wheeled trap will go about being registered is another matter.

On top of the revellers parade at our College is a certain Cliff Bills who is back in form after having gained his licence for reckless driving (or was it parking?).

A very conscientious hepcat running a close second to "Merc" is that disillusioned V8 enthusiast Joe Cincotta who attended fully 25% of the time.

The hairiest chest in 6B belongs to Ted Doherty a youth who is often seen and more often heard. All that can be said of him is that he is a classic "Don't-let-this-happen-to-you" type.

Before much water has flown (?) under the bridge Ross Cunningham (emphasize the last syllable) will be bringing a famous Mark 7 to the College (so he says). Rossy is the college lecturers' pet aversion as shown weekly in Room 16.

Don Ling has one of the most phenomenal gaits ever seen. Chief chucker in

the volley ball team he is rather an outstanding fellow.

Another fellow from the outback is that Ray Morgan of Warragul, grinding back and forth to Caulfield daily. Rumour has it that a pair of motorized roller skates are coming up to combat increased rail fares.

Peter Olney used to be very secretive as if he had something to hide. It was then we discovered a large hole in the seat of his daks.

The usual pose of Graham Steel is one of sheer contempt for his colleagues at the Institute mingled with an open dribbling mouth without a bib under it. He was also acquitted on a charge of arson but otherwise is a tremendous personality.

An individual who has to be seen and even then cannot entirely be believed is Chas Stringer. This fellow's heart's delight is to climb down behind the tiller of a stripped down Grand Prix type 7, with performance plus. All jokes aside though Charlie really lives up to his name and the institute has a definite asset in him.

A cry of triumph can be heard from Jim D'Uren from the 3rd floor whenever a train passes through the cutting near the Syndal station. Every day Jim has his weather eye cocked for that welcome sight which seems to tickle his fancy.

Latest intelligence reports state that Eckard Werner was the "Big Smell" behind the organization smuggling Tatt's tickets into the Caulfield Racecourse but his washing machine has since broken down leaving only one thing "The big smell".

Len Vereshaka always said that he escaped the "chair" at Sing Sing but it was not until recently that it was found he was also a desert rat.

Last but not least is that distinguished looking gentleman who dodders around in a "9" this time a Riley and in immaculate condition right down to the vacuum gauge. It is also rumoured he is a reveller.

They're a weird mob!

● 6C FORM NOTES

Bailey, G.

Plays tennis to study form - thinks all tennis players should be wearers of skirts.
Favourite Hobby: Tennis, natch.

Boston, J.

Has never been known to arrive on time.
Favourite Hobby: Attending shorter periods.

Bromley, T.

Trev. makes the rest of us look dull with his orange jumper and socks.
Favourite Hobby: We haven't found out yet.

Browning, G.

If anyone requires orchids see "Godfrey".
Favourite Holiday: Holiday on Friday.
Chamberlain, D.

If he doesn't pass he gets the sack.
Favourite Hobby: Has an affinity for orange peel and chalk.

Coventry, P.

Spends fortunes travelling between Mordialloc and Reservoir. (Where does he live?).
Favourite Hobby: Likes having heated arguments with teachers.

Davies, P.

The little green man from the second storey window.
Favourite Hobby: Censored.

Dawson, G.

Likes late hours at places like Warburton (4 a.m.).
Favourite Hobby: Same as Bailey.

Gamel, T.

Voted as the man of the form. Plays in the Victorian Rugby team.
Favourite Hobby: Same as Chamberlain.

Hughes, D.

Unintentionally irks "Fred" Dobell.
Favourite Hobby: Keeping Munce in the dark about last Saturday.

Hutton, R.

Mr. Clarke's pet. Acts silly but isn't.
Favourite Hobby: Same as Gamel.

Ironside, D.

Commonly known as Frank. Munce's chief antagonist.
Favourite Hobby: Taking candid photos of teachers.

Lau, N.

Finds Melbourne weather very tiring.
Favourite Hobby: Going home to recover from effects of Melbourne weather.

Liew, K.

Another boy from Asia. Known as Lu-Lu. Also reckons it's cold.
Favourite Hobby: Ditto. Also understanding English.

Levey, K.

Keeps his affairs to himself.
Favourite Hobby: Unobtainable.

McFarlane, I.

Crazy type architect. Reckons he's going

to design another Harbour Bridge when the first one falls down.

Favourite Hobby: Soccer.

May, M.

Has a private National Debt caused by an affinity for cars. General nuisance of 6C. Favourite Hobby: Chief assistant to Ron Hutton.

Morgan, B.

The dark horse of the form. His antics surprise everyone — even Bill.

Favourite Hobby: Geology excursions, because one sees so much on these outings. (Especially from the bus window).

Munce, B.

Reckons he knows a lot about trains. He must because that's what he told us.

Favourite Hobby: Information Bureau.

Nolan, B.

The quiet blonde Bombshell.

Favourite Hobby: Same as Ron Hutton.

Nation, J.

John likes cars and secret affairs with a certain 35-22-35.

Favourite Hobby: 35-22-35.

Price, J.

The original P.P.E. Constantly wears a red jumper and pink shirt, red tie. Springs surprise chalk attacks.

Favourite Hobby: Swiping kit bags.

Rawlinson, B.

The boy from Queensland. Has contacts from Coolangatta to Watchermaycallit's Paradise.

Favourite Hobby: Cans with blue labels. (Baked Beans.)

Rose, G.

Named after the flower (suitable), because he is so strong.

Favourite Hobby: We fail to know.

Savage, G.

Savage by name and nature. Only appears occasionally.

Favourite Hobby: Making remarks about which Munce could say "I detect a crude meaning".

Seward, J.

John pretends to be innocent but you oughta see his ears flap.

Favourite Hobby: Keeping to himself.

Urquhart, A.

Our volley ball champ. The only lad who can play on both sides of the net at once.

Favourite Hobby: Unknown.

Watkins, K.

Known as Warragul, acts accordingly. Comes from Warragul every day. (There's one born every minute).

Favourite Hobby: Cultivating sideboards. White,

We think he's very rarely with us because he's an architect.

Favourite Hobby: Drawing in the Art School.

Soon, R.

Commonly known as the dark stranger. Arrives and departs unnoticed.

Favourite Hobby: Same as Liew.

Swanson, R. F.

Rex is a meat eater. He likes a bit each day, often says "There orta be a law against it".

Favourite Hobby: Extracting examination information.

Sweatman, I.

Keeps fit by slamming pavilion doors and pushing his Austin 7. Because of the car we feel that Ian is only a temporary citizen.

Favourite Hobby: Rejuvenating the "7".

• 6D FORM NOTES

The following manuscript consists of the form notes of the elite of the Sixth form, 6D. (Not to be confused with engineers.) This form excels in all types of school activities.

Perhaps the most insignificant member of the form would be Trevor Norton. His habitual occupation is engaging in fisticuffs with Dorn and he is always uttering loud comments such as "HUH"!

Dorn's most erratic mind causes him to heave desks in all directions when he is aroused. Although he misbehaves more than any boy in the form he still succeeds in being on friendly terms with "most" teachers.

The laziest boy in the form is Tex Morton. Tex shows this fact when he ceases to study for at least ten minutes during lunchtime. Tex can be recognised by a green flash when changing classrooms.

Even the best forms have a black sheep and unfortunately 6D is no exception. Russell Male is a person who indulges in many base practices. He considers himself to be a magician, hypnotist, genius and also a human. (We wonder?).

Male is constantly accompanied by Ted Symes who has yet to be seen without some form of explosion in his possession. Ted delights in fumigating the Chem. lab. every Friday.

The attitude of Ted towards cats is distinctly inhuman. We have heard rumours that there is not one cat with a full set of limbs in Moorabbin.

Eric Chan and Seng Goh are our Oriental representatives. Although appearing shocked at our behaviour in Geology, they are learning fast.

John Kleine is a motor maniac. His ambition is to drive members of the opposite sex around in a Jaguar. When not fooling with cars he is reading motor magazines.

Berlowitz is a rather inconspicuous member of the form. He also lives in the Moorabbin-Bentleigh area. Could this be the reason for the undesirability of this region?

Please do not voice your mirth when reading this list of teachers.

1. Mr. Ryan
2. Mr. Clarke
3. Mr. Billing

These teachers teach the majority of our periods. Mr. Ryan has a strong admiration for Flash Gordon while Mr. Clarke simply adores wildflowers. We are led to believe that Mr. Billing is a very romantic person and he also has a preference for classical music.

6D is a very small form; the only person yet to be mentioned is the author. However, the character of the author is above reproach. He is a fine upstanding and studious individual and very co-operative with the teachers.

• C.A.2 FORM NOTES

Mavis is our glamour doll,
Her hair hangs down like rats' tails,
But if you get fresh
She'll kick you in the ?!?!.
R. is for Ruth,
The girl we adore
Ballet's her future
With "potential" galore.
Geoff is a lover,
Bold and sincere.
If he doesn't behave,
He'll be out on his rear,
(And there is plenty of it).
R. is for Robert,
He plays on his pipes.

When he goes loving,
He turns out the lights.
B. is for Barbara,
Bashful and bright,
Tennis in the day time,
Squash at night.
Mary hails from Chinatown,
She is our sweetie-pie,
Her hair is black her eyes are brown,
Who is the lucky guy?
Colin hates Frost,
It kills off his flowers
Sometimes he sits
And watches for hours.
I. is for Ian,
He doesn't get far,
When he goes out riding,
With his girl in the car.

• 5A FORM NOTES

It is a firmly established fact that the first year of the Diploma Course is, without any doubt, the most difficult of all. With the coming of the final examinations, Form 5A will not have any trouble verifying this statement.

The form consists only of boys who graduated from the fourth form and commenced the Diploma Course with the assistance of a scholarship.

It is evident that the form contains many potential Engineers but as to whether or not they will graduate from the college qualified as such is something else to be considered.

Among the more popular of the instructors is Mr. Billings who is assigned to the impossible task of trying to teach fifth formers the "Wonders of Chemistry".

Unfortunately, with regard to our particular form (and others I feel sure) his determined efforts have all been in vain.

Another instructor imposed upon us is Mr. Davis (alias Doc) who endeavours to impart a semblance of knowledge of the Queen's English.

One cannot fail to mention Mr. Becker the form master who, throughout the year has excelled in doing an excellent job with the form.

The form definitely had more than its share of trouble (or should I say strife) during the current year and for publication here are a few of the momentous events:-

(1) The numerous chalk-fights that frequently occurred throughout the year, fortunately enough the participants (the larger portion of the form) were not apprehended.

(2) The day they swiped the volley ball from form 5C and took more than their share of the blame.

(3) The day when two students of the form were caught flying helicopters from the extreme height of the school.

However, despite these few mishaps (which are more deceiving than anything else) one cannot fail to commend the form on its general behaviour throughout the year.

Although only a few of the students represented the form in the field of sport, what they apparently lack in this physical prowess they more than compensate for in their endeavours in the academic sphere.

Concluding, it has proved to have been quite an eventful year and we only hope now that it proves to be quite a successful one.

• 5B FORM NOTES

The Illustrious 5B - the famed fellowship of the Fifth form, called many names from —s (by an irritated teacher) to good boys by another ("sarcasm being the lowest form of wit") is composed of a great number of "rarities", from "Hotstuff" Currie to "Weenie" Green who are guaranteed to wreck the constitution of any self-respecting teacher.

Our range covers diligent workers ("Jacky" Porter) and various lads who are otherwise occupied during lectures (Tom Gyles). Mr. Billings highly respects our detective ability whilst some teachers doubt our innocence in connection with a large volume of dense pungent smoke which surrounded the area of our busy scholastic endeavour.

Our "Goon Show" fans keep us amused and re-christened everybody "Jim", (even Mr. Coote).

A cloud of despair hid our happy faces during the horrifying advent of the mid-year exams, but resolution of increased industry waned under the onslaught of the second term holidays.

If you should wish to see a group of 27 (when no one is AWL) hard working boys,

look in on 5B as we feverishly study for that dreaded final "quiz".

• 5C FORM NOTES

There is an urgent fund in operation in our form for one of the boys (poor fellow) who doesn't have enough time or food in the lunch-hour to satisfy his hunger.

It is also a known fact that all sisters are not much use but Evil's is a classic for she supplies him with his cancer poles.

A faithful friend and advisor is the "Colonel" whose knowledge and skill keeps "Rothman" out of danger.

Any person wishing to know anything about stainless steel yacht fittings need only ask Willie and will then be ear-bashed about yachts in general for the next hour or so.

Other supposedly well informed marine types are Dinger, the angelic, ladies gentleman, K.D., the lady killer, both sabot enthusiasts and little Mitch the water rat, who, rain, hail or shine, wears a warm jacket undone, and an open neck shirt.

Being from Sydney, city of vice and corruption, a certain bod, who has a voice like a foghorn, will defend forcibly the dignity (??) of this city.

"A slippery fishing boy is Jim,
The 'dicks' are after him,
They spied him one day
When firing away
With his little elastic ging."

Our quiet unassuming tennis star Brian must have quite a lot of knowledge after listening to several other members of the form conversing on the morning train.

Another quiet lad, real brainy type, is our Philip who spends his time subduing the rowdy form members.

"Our S.R.C. rep. with a prominent nose,
Out of doors he quickly goes
For when he gives the teachers advice
They do not think that very nice."

Tex is a hot tempered child whose breath-taking escapes from a sinister killer on a Tuesday afternoon give our chemistry periods spice.

Any person talking to Allan please do not mention athletics unless they are willing to be ear-bashed about the great Glenhantly A.C. (??).

For a valuation on your secondhand car see Barry. He always values the car for the buyer's benefit.

Anybody who knows a method of stopping a human phonograph please contact this form, for it seems that John has an unbreakable record.

John is, however, silenced occasionally by one of Norm's subtle remarks.

There is also a fellow in our midst who has a string of suggestive "nick" names and we only hope that they do not apply - e.g., "pops", "daddy".

Anybody who has an eligible sister, or daughter, please contact David for he has an interest in the Australian "Fazz".

The latest addition to the mob is Bob, we think perhaps he too is one of these fast, Fazz chasing pommies.

After having used all the "1,000 excuses for being late" Norm "the punctual" is desperate for the second edition to be published.

"The Dons are the team

That's Robert's theme

Monday morning he cries

"Up with the Dons", "Down with the Pies",

A man's ambition must be small to write

"Rosie" over the English room wall.

• 5D FORM NOTES

"Teachers, teachers, here comes trouble
5D emerge from amid the rubble
Rave on teachers"

"Shakespeare"

This year, 5D consists of 32 students, a mixture of engineering and chemistry students along with those who last year concentrated their minds on other things (probably girls) "Fingers" Fergusson, "Worthless" Ashworth, "Hairy" Bob Burr, "Honest" John Gault, Mick Hay Ward, "Scabby" Northausen and Doug Pocock are a mob of fellows going under the title of "the mad chemists". Their self-inflicted title is quite fitting and sums them up adequately. Their headquarters is situated in the "Pong Box" (Chem. lab.).

The rest of the trouble makers are:- Bruce Gilbert, David Ford (V8?), Gary Maddocks (not the cricketer) and John Searle. These gentlemen are the brainier members of the form and they have kept our academic reputation respectable despite the efforts of the majority to keep it to a minimum.

The dynamic volley ball team of the form consisted of Ian Fitcher, Bob McAllen (Big Mac), Jack Waters, Bob Bowden,

Peter "Jerry Lewis" Mudge, and capable captain Werner "Chuck" Neef. These six fellows are shining examples of the modern athletic youth, fit, healthy, strong - well youths anyway.

Our Asian students are Ng Kean Hun, Lee Chee Ming and Hong Yan Wah. These boys have a great fascination for bouncing a soccer ball on their skull or running rings around opponents with fancy dribbling.

"Dirty" Dick Hargreaves is our boy from the bush whose pet aversion is running down Ford trucks and telling jokes, his accomplice in crime is "Nobby" O'Brien.

Vincent Murphy is a sickle fanatic as his christian name suggests. He is the proud owner of a recently acquired "Gold Star" (What next?).

John Lofts is the problem boy of the class. He isn't very clued-up on some matters and is very hard to control when "you know who" walks to and from the office (aren't we all?). A bit of coaching is definitely necessary. However, he settles down quite well after each frequent trip to Adelaide.

Geoff Haydon's interests are so varied that it is impossible to write about them all. However, he had one interest worthy of mention -- Sue.

Don Rowe can eat like a horse and can nearly always be found at the tuck shop or at Louis'.

Werner Neef has an absolutely staggering faith in VW's.

Jim Schmul is the big man of 50, and strangely enough seems to take his work seriously.

Len Whelan, Barry Alderson, Alan Turnbull, Ian Cole, David Hughes, and Dave Stoner are the seen and not heard department.

Northausen is heard and not seen.

Frederic Moore is the mystery boy of the form, his absence from classes worries the teachers, but to the boys, this seems quite natural.

Cyril Alewishes -- no comment.

Kevin (Ford V8) Ezard was dubbed S.R.C. representative and he did the job quite capably (for the first month). He is fully expecting to be writing notes for the third time next year.

• 5E FORM NOTES

Consisting of boys from Sandringham, Oakleigh and South Melbourne, 5E began the year as a shambles. But as the year wore on (by now we are very weary of it) 5E, led by the "General", has combined all its resources and its access to the students' underworld.

This spirit was not long unnoticed and before long a certain English Master, had pried from our ranks many fine football players. Among those who were volunteered were Alan "Zeke" McKenzie, Malcolm "Fidds" Middleton, Peter Michael our one and only "Mighty Mick", and also Phill "Hooks" Blair.

Now nicknames are a major feature of any form but we of 5E take a pride in the fact that all our nicknames have a story behind them, though some are more obvious than others. Examples of this are, "Blinky Bob" Knights and Graeme "Shiek" Hedrich. By the way, the "Shiek" never did explain Show Day!

Heard a bang lately? No, it wasn't the gas-works but it could have been "Rockets Anonymous". This society consists of three "talented lads", Phill Lowe, Edwin "Snips" Parsons, and Phill Williams.

Did someone mention the word girls? The only thing we have to say about this, is that a few budding scientists, Geoff "Blockhead" Thomson, Frank Pocknee and "Mogs" Morrison are doing much vital research in that particular field.

The other half of 5E are lucky. Either there is nothing scandalous to print about them or it cannot be printed! They are Warrick Bartlett, Brian Dixon, Martin "Teeneer" Hargreaves, William "Quog" Ingmire, Arthur Mann, Kevin Ough, Darrel Newman, John "Pesky" Petzke, David Shepard, Henry Tompert, Allan Mayo-Smith, Steve Westcott, Roger Burke (who was unfortunately mortally wounded in the mid-year exams and from us was parted soon after).

All 5E has been happy throughout the year to have with us Kim Tan from Singapore.

And last but not least 5E extends thanks to all those teachers who have put with so much, exactly how much can be seen from the state a certain Chemistry teacher is now in.

• 5F FORM NOTES

Twenty-one strong, dashing and brilliant young "chaps" make up the backbone of 5F. Indeed these future Einsteins, Newtons and Spacemen comprise the form which makes a teacher's life worth living, and gives him the strength to carry on (Mr. Ryan can vouch for this).

Our only Civil Engineer in the form is Peter Sargeant. He seems to have an endless supply of "Tee" shirts and is an ardent Jimmy Dean fan.

Two "go ahead" guys who have actually built their own cars are Geoffrey Raymond and David Spicer. David's greatest ambition is to beat Mr. Halpin in an argument.

Reverting to that old question of lateness, Mike Guilmartin and Howard Steet (farmer boy) seem to abide by the old adage that "better late than never". Ross Williams is another racing car fiend, and dressed in his immaculate corduroy trousers is a source of constant mirth.

Geoff (Missile) Moran is very appropriately nicknamed. His greatest desire is to be the first man to conquer time and space. Besides listening to recordings of Elvis on his balsa wood and Meccano tape recorder, his spare moments are taken up in inventing money-making ideas to finance his rocket ship.

Being the best form, we naturally have the highest academic standard in the fifth form. All members of the form are scholastically outstanding but Wilfred Moll (photography consultant) and John Paterson (future Lew Hoad) are well worth noting.

Our form has stars in the sporting world also — Nick Leondas (who seems undecided about growing a moustache) excels in soccer.

John Pearson (who has rather an explosive hobby) plays for the school baseball team.

Peter Bartar seems destined to be a future ice hockey champion.

Rodger Rayson was picked to play in the school football team.

Early in the year Robert Jackson was voted S.R.C. representative for the form, and is a "real gone" Hi-Fi bug.

Barry Morton spends his school days dreaming about the races he will win when he has finished building his yacht.

Peter Leong, our Asian friend is sheltering behind the walls of the school once more after making a living out in the cruel hard world.

Members of the organized gang of the form are John "Limpy" Lynch, Trevor Mathews, Robert Armstrong, Tom Kent and Colin Murphy. Colin delights Mr. Ryan during chem. classes by always giving the right answers to even the most difficult questions.

The members of 5F feel compelled to put in a word for our own Form master and Physics instructor - - Mr. Lawler. Surely no man has ever survived the ordeal of constant electric shocks whilst demonstrating as he has. The thrills he gives the class by shooting X-rays about the room will surely make him a man never to be forgotten by the members of this form.

● 4A FORM NOTES

This is form 4A the 24 "purple teacher eaters", with form master, Mr. P. "The Witchdoctor" whose most devoted friends are S. King and G. Watson.

Robin "Casanova" Daly fancies himself as "a man of many women". Don't argue with Hutton — he's a ham.

D. Stewart is expecting his four front teeth as Christmas presents. The less boisterous boys in the class are — J. McCabe, R. Stewart, G. Hall, P. Reid, I. Handley and R. Trew.

Russel Trew has the brains — he managed an average of 90% in the mid-year exams. Francis Spencer uses his vocal chords in Solid Geom and usually has the rest of the class suffering when we are kept in by Mr. Hogg. "Bird-brain" Swales is a budgerigar maniac.

Other boys in the class are "Russ" McArthur, J. Hall, B. Rees, G. Foster, K. Comming and B. Munroe.

Last and most certainly least are the unmentionable "defects" — R. Hughes, R. Cameron, L. Smith with K. Jacobs as "Chief Dobber".

● 4B FORM NOTES

This is the happiest working form; no doubt Mr. Bydder will agree. Our members have a wide variety of interests, for instance — George Cairns is always raving about high-performance carbies; Arthur Gray is the form clown who was most disappointed

when he received only 90 for solid; Arthur Buggee would be early every day if school commenced at 10 a.m.; Don Kinder recently took some dancing lessons and is now frequently seen "gliding" along the balcony.

Class mascots are Smithy and Thompson. Smithy left his mark in the gym, where he dropped a 100 lb. weight through the floorboards, while Thompson is steadily progressing with his lady friends.

Among the quiet types are Wallace, who topped the form at the half year exams; "Scout" Sykes; tennis star Fitzsimmons; Pocklington, who is rarely seen without Watson; Bartlett; and Horton the "Horseman".

Ken Woolhouse, who is a great friend of Brian Kay, tries very hard to imitate the "bodgies" in his district. Rex Dooley actually thinks St. Kilda has a football team. Graeme Eames is a very amusing fellow to sit next to in class. A most unfortunate chap was Carter, who spent a long period recovering from an operation.

The sporting members of our class are nearly all prefects; they are Livingston (football), Simmons (cricket and athletics), Booth (athletics), Finlayson (golf) and Eppinger (cycling).

● 4C FORM NOTES

4C has had a most enjoyable year. We have lost only two starters, Littler and Sweatman, although it was expected that some others would be asked to leave. We hold the record for absentees — John Morris (Tommo) Thompson has been late every day except two, when he arrived early at 9.50 a.m. Cobbledick, has one remark, (censored)!! which often echoes across the room. Dean, known as "Wog" is the Rock and Roll expert — goes to R and R dances on Tuesday and Thursday nights and consequently arrives at school on Wednesday and Friday mornings as tired as a dog.

There is one particular person who finds it almost impossible to keep out of trouble — yes, it's Pickering.

Our sportsmen:—

Football: Pickering, Murdock and occasionally Thompson.

Cricket: Murdock.

Baseball: Walters.

In the 4C Athletic Championships — Froiland and Mosely came equal.

Froiland, the lad from the far north, comes to school in his 1930 De Soto.

Apart from the students, we must have teachers to keep us in order. For Science we must "pay attention" to Mr. Humphrey. He finds some things "very funny", but if we laugh too much he will "ban all talk".

With the reputation we have gained for 4C, pity help next year's group.

● 4D FORM NOTES

This year, our form consists of nine bright (?) boys, all working hard to obtain their Intermediate Technical Certificates.

We are the famous (?) Intermediate Art Class which has shone throughout the year with the production of fine art works. Our art teacher, Mr. Jones, has undoubtedly been very patient (and sometimes forgiving) and we fully appreciate all he has done for us.

The form pin-up boy is Geoff "hips daffy" Smith, who dreams all day of becoming a film star. Our form captain, Paulo Groeneveld has done all the small, but necessary, jobs to keep things flowing smoothly.

Altogether, a very successful year, and we are looking forward to entering the Senior school next year.

● 4E FORM NOTES

Okay Cats, dig this. 4E, the swingiest form at the Caulfield Technical jailhouse pass with jiving colours.

Marling rocks the joint with an average of 79% to top the form at the half year.

Secombe caps the cricket field with a batting average of 47. In football, Gahan rolls with the Richmond 3rds on Saturdays.

Lenforth and Bramley deserve a special jamboree for having their turning and fitting models displayed at the Royal Melbourne show. Crazy fellahs!

The rest of the hound dogs wanted their names rocketed on this page too, so here goes:—

Mathews, Secombe, Roe, Williams, Wright, Coesel, Sutherland, Peck, Gahan, (Captain 1st match) helped the school football team to victory in two matches, the other matches I won't mention.

More dominating performers in the class are:—

Roberts, Castledine and Gahan (again) — basketball team.

Lenforth, Jacobs, Matthews and myself "burned up the water" to help the swimming team to victory.

The chocolate soldiers, who really "get hep" out on the parade ground are Sgt.-Major Guest and Sgt. Jacobs.

Other real cool guys should be mentioned, but seeing there are no more, I can't. Sorry!

● 3A FORM NOTES

If you care to wade through paper darts, pellets, and satellites you will find a wild mob called 3A. Their main interests are girls, women and the opposite sex. If you look a bit closer you will see a great, handsome hulking, muscular brute called Beebe who paid us £1 to say this about him. Next to him will probably be that simple minded idiot Ager. Nearby is a hairy chested fellow called Matthews. Biggs is there on a soap box preaching about politics. Listening to him is Price chewing a rhubarb stick. Look out! Smythe again looking for more cigarette butts. Mullens is trying to look at his right eye with his left and Kirwan and Incoll are giving him all the encouragement they can while Nugent, who thought he was the only one who could do it, is slowly going green.

Over in the corner is Bilston making a terrific din trying to be silent. Although Law, Bull, and McDonald have three stripes on each arm no one in our form officially recognises them as Sergeants.

Meanwhile Coad and Cofield are enthralled by Langis' stories of how he was booked on his 8,000 c.c. racing motor bike "wot he bought for a quid". For some reason Poulton eats millions of Siberian onions. Eason the mad scientist has just worked out the formula for water which makes White prance around doing the Tangoette. Zmood sits in his 300 ft. limousine busily designing next year's model.

Last but definitely not least are the most noble and respected Power, Wallace and Pfeifer who are the genii "wot wrote this" and oops! we nearly forgot our sponsor Mr. Hogg our dearly beloved form master. Hooray! Hem hem.

● 3B FORM NOTES

This is Mr. Tonkin's form, 3B, coming into orbit once again. The form consists of 23 bods who are trying to learn something, to gain their Junior Tech.

Our brains are J. Gilbert and G. Alderman. Bill "Fungus" Hughes and G. "Duck's Disease" Mould are usually found discussing films and cameras. H. Hutchinson and P. Pickering are found lost in a maze of Shell road maps. P. White tries to play cricket with the school team while J. Gilbert plays baseball with the school team.

"Titch" Merlo, "Archie" Gray, "Whiskers" Willsher and "Camel" Taylor can never be separated successfully during Mr. Carlos' science lesson.

B. Osborne is our Prefect and claims to be "going steady".

R. Ash, G. Field, D. Bartlett and G. Hemphill (a friend of Doc. Davis) are our water pistol maniacs.

"Killer" Killeen has missed about 3 months school because of a broken leg. R. Brindle is an air craft enthusiast while T. Courtney and "Peg" Griffen are members of the Cautec cadet unit.

K. Nichols was the square who wrote this boring trash. So until next year, happy sufferings:

● 3C FORM NOTES

Hi, daddyos, how's business. These are the problem-form's notes. We have had a really hot year — nearly every teacher is burning. Our honourable form master is Mr. "Long" Humphrey, Keith Mence's favourite teacher.

"Bluey" Shaw topped the form at the half-yearly exams, a studious chap. The sportsmen in the class are — John Robinson (athletics), Tony Drake (swimming) and Roy Selleck (football).

Other gentlemen we have met include — "Doc", "Tex", "Jack" and "Robo".

Apologies are humbly tendered to those whose names were not mentioned.

● 3E FORM NOTES

This is Station 3E (not railway) signing on. Here is the news read by the two simpletons selected to write about the deadbeats in this form. The "so-called" sportsmen of this class are:—

Heron (cricket), Callaway (pedal pusher), Tippet (splasher), and Williams (baseball basher).

These are the soldier men —

S. Sgt. Heron (a big mistake), Cdt. Jones, Cdt. Allen and "Sgt. Bilko" (alias Cdt. Billson).

The deadbeats (most of the form) are— Wallis, alias Warrnambool-boy, alias country b——, alias small change or occasionally Wallis. Poor Campbell, who went to the zoo about 12 years ago and hasn't been the same since. Cook and "Phenyle" (Fennis) are our champion beetroot - sandwich throwers, while Tippet is a fairly accurate shot with clay.

The remaining members in this roll call are—Baxter, Bromely, "Forceps" Forsythe, Fraser, Hand, Hendrick, Castle, "Punky" Scott, Wood, Tate, Wotherspoon and Williamson.

● 3F FORM NOTES

Hooray, here's 3F,

Occupation — firing pellets,

Strength — 23 vandals,

Artillery — 50 rubber bands.

Our form master, "G—y", opened the door, "twang", resounded a rubber band, "crash" went Mr. Carlos and another vandal bit the blackboard duster.

The bodgie brigade is well represented by "Bellbottoms" Gorham and "Hunchback" Lambert.

Our hair stylist is P. Gadsen (long hair), who "makes like" a wild man from Borneo, and who is constantly pressed by "Doc" to have a haircut.

In our form we have that famous miler, Denis Chung, but he is only one of our many athletes.

The electrical man is Alan "Electric" Rowe, who is always trying to ruin the radiogram on which we play our "bop".

That's all now from 3F and this is the unfortunate form captain, Graham Slater, and vice-captain Rex Osborne "Twoity" signing off. "Ouch, I wish Layton wouldn't fire those pellets at us, goodbye."

● 3G FORM NOTES

Calling all Cool Cats! This is 3G bringing you the 1958 form notes.

We start with "Hando" the "Commando", our form captain who has done everything to get demoted from the position he has gained.

Our sportsmen are—Swimming: A. Syle; Lacrosse: K. Fox, K. Hansen, J. Irving, R. Ralph and R. Arrell.

The form's favourite subjects are Free Drawing with Mr. Robinson, and Tech. Drawing with Mr. Hogg.

Our bodgie boys are - Gilligan, Anti-Thompson, Maher, Syle, Maxwell, Hart, Hansen, Irving, Smith, Cogley.

Everton, the boy who never combs his hair, joined by his pals, McLure, Arrell, Bakes, "Sleepy" McRae, Beaty, Trim, Findley, Moore and Woolcock are the "also-rans" of the class.

The "Smoko-boys" are Anti-Thompson and his cool cats.

Hart is the boy who can never do anything right with "Tex".

That's all from 3G — this is K. Hansen signing off.

● 3H FORM NOTES

Calling all cars! Calling all cars! Be on the lookout for 22 maniacs belonging to 3H.

No. 1—Anderson is the chief trouble-maker, or at least he was until he caught the dreaded "Spondoolaridiayasmetches" disease, which has quietened him.

No. 2—Bolger, an innocent bystander, but always seems to get into trouble.

No. 3—Byron, form captain and a very good one. Always good for a laugh.

No. 4—Brough, a small boy with a big reputation for being innocent. (Like fun).

No. 5—Dennis, our "pommy-wacker", whose favourite saying is "What did I do wrong?"

No. 6—Falk, the man who does everything but nothing.

No. 7—Harris, a famous "pommy-cricketer", who's always out for a duck.

No. 8—Hughes, our curly headed "chasp", who used to disappear on a Wednesday afternoon. Also a Rolls Royce fan.

No. 9—Hynes (Sergeant "Nose"), who is loved by everybody except, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Tonkin, Mr. Humphrey, etc., etc.

No. 10—Jenkins, our "bushback bod" with a reputation like "Nose".

No. 11—Lamprell, when he goes to the quack for an X-ray, the doc. just holds him up to the light.

No. 12—Lawry, another curly headed bod, who gets into trouble when he wants to.

No. 13—Olive, a T.V. star in his own screwed-up mind.

No. 14—Rayment (Eggy), who always seems to say "Who me?" "Wasn't it the other kid?"

No. 15 and No. 16 Scott and Sharpe, always stick together and don't get into trouble.

No. 17—Shillinglaw (bluey), a red-headed wrecker, who tinkers with cars.

No. 18—Simmons, a good golf and cricket player (I think).

No. 19—Stanward, found swinging a lacrosse racquet but never seems to catch the ball.

No. 20—Stewart, always found with a Canadian jacket and duelling with "Blue".

No. 21—Thomas (Brainbox), seems to be the great, great, great, grandson of our maths. teacher, Mr. Thomas.

No. 22—Sund, "a goiman chasp mitout hiss akkcent is always making paper V1 and V2 rockets".

To all our teachers we convey our heartiest thanks.

● 2A FORM NOTES

93

Introducing 2A the brains (?) of the second form. Our reliable form master is Mr. Humphrey who attempts unsuccessfully to sink into our thick skulls a subject called Social Studies. There are 23 prize idiots in this form - 24 before G. Witherow got sick of us and left. R. Dyson thought the same and decided to break his leg to get back to normal for a few months.

The brains of the form lie in A. Grey, R. Andrew and M. Thompson the top English scholar with 86%; K. McInnes, 94% for Science; and R. Long "Shorty", 98% in Maths.

F. Drane is trying vainly to become a 2nd Liberace as well as a Y.M.C.A. star. L. Morris is a camera man — but who would like to see our faces? Our horse rider is T. Herbert who tries to tell us that he has never fallen off a horse.

The "keen students" are G. Bartlett and R. Nicholson usually found with Mr. Hogg up in the Solid Geometry Department.

The chatterboxes are Bamford, Baxter and Boys, while the good boys are McKinna, McInnes and Long.

Our Deutshe friend is K. Klopfer, another Maths brain.

The other "bods" are as follows, Edwards, Flood, Glanville, Graham, Halliburton, Hausagger and Marsh "mellow".

This is R. Andrew, who tries to keep law and order in this form, signing off.

● 2B FORM NOTES

These are your 2B form captains P. Diben and A. Masson reporting the scandal which goes on in 2B.

Here are the bods of the form. Romeo (Bellingham) and (Knight) lover-boy — these two characters like to mingle with the girls. Brooks and Byrne, the two brains, who seem to know a little about everything and nothing about something.

The three villains Chirnside, Kemp and Porter have a tendency to throw things around in Mr. C——'s grade. Down at the end of the form are two rocket-age characters Watkins and Weaver.

The one-eyed Collingwood supporters are Gibbs and Craighead — these two are always fighting Lambert (Melbourne) "two to one".

Utber, White and George are very keen on aeroplanes and modern cars. Henshall is pretty fast at shifting his weight around and he always wins the races at Physical Education.

Bales, Girelieri, Manly and Rowston are the quiet kids of the grade, and then comes the not so quiet Hollbrook and Jones.

But we must give all credit to our form master, Mr. Lawrence, who does his best to keep this mob in order. So this is your captains signing off until next year. "So long".

P.S. All the form send their regards to Mr. Lawrence's son who had a bad accident during the year.

● 2C FORM NOTES

Twenty-four prize idiots have been found in Form 2C at "you know where". They include Jackson, the form clown who is always making jokes. Armstrong who is the know-all, knows nothing(?)

Outstanding scholar is Hay who topped the form at half year exams. Cox, "Baby" of the form, is O.K. at cricket. Our beloved form captain, Ray Simmons, is so good at footy he even managed to break his ankle.

The two "Lovebirds" are "Shammy" Pallo and "Bodgie" Harkin. "Tall" boy Proctor is a medium height of 6 ft., "Deadbeat" McLeod is the bodgie of the form, he never listens to the teachers. Bavage, the small boy, is never early for school. Roemus is always arriving on a broken down bike; it squeaks and the chain jumps off every 30 yds. Cartledge a "smallie", is always cracking jokes.

This is 2C signing off until next year.

● 2D FORM NOTES

Howdy fans, this is 2D's form captain, Johnny Fischer, speaking on behalf of the 23 bright specimens of the form, with the help of our form fasters, Mr. "Barney" B., and Mr. "Rickey" D.

Espie, our Elvis, is always rockin' and rollin' round the clock. Mounter (Herby) is our football star, who played in the Victorian State Team. Anderson (Crew) is the bodgie in the form and is always acting tough, until he is "hammered" by Mounter and Haynes.

The lacrosse kids (they must be crazy) are Norman, Forster, Jurgens, Cook and Campbell.

May is always giving "lip" but when Mounter comes around he is very quiet. Other quiet boys are Mantle and Jones who never seem to get into trouble.

Orbach (Fatty) is good at his trades. Morey (Tubby) is the teachers' favourite. You will always find Roberts and "Chook" Eustace sticking together. Haynes (Nuts) is the "toughy" of the form.

The rest of the square-heads are Staats, Crewes, Beale, Williams, Shuttleworth and Pummeroy. This is "Fish", on behalf of the class signing off.

● 2E FORM NOTES

Dear readers, form 2E consists of 24 bright sparks without brains but of fine physique. For example — Goss, Griffin and Black.

In our form we are proud to have one of the best 14 year old singers in Victoria. This is Don Allen, who, like others in the form is a fine athlete. Doug Carrol, our flying miler, ran the first lap in dashing form but finished in a walk in the time of 9 minutes. Caseley and O'Connor are the lacrosse players in the form.

Brains of the form are Bourke, Williams and Pattison who came 1st, 2nd and 3rd respectively at the half year.

A latecomer is Kelty, who says he has to feed his pigeons before he comes to school.

Price and W——r Welton are very good friends but we often wonder how "Pricey" puts up with the corny jokes directed at him. Doug Carroll avoids "Wacker's" weapon with extra padding.

"Daisy" Matthews is a fine scholar sometimes.

During the year we had three free drawing teachers but for no apparent reason they all left us.

Brindle, Pattison and Norman are the artists of the class, while Ordner, Cleak and Tannerman do not seem to use their voices at all.

The others in the form are Baird, Boardman and Radnell and our capable form master was "Johnny" B.

Goodbye from Gary Wishart (form captain).

• 2F FORM NOTES

This is Mr. W——r Welton's form 2F. Here are some of the stars of the form:—

1. Cousins, otherwise known as "Susie", (most of 2F are scared of "Susie").

2. Cummings, Bob is Mr. Bydder's pride and joy but for some reason or other he is always kept in after school.

3. Burns, Max is known as Mr. Oakley's favourite (cough-cough). Mr. Oakley is better known as "Annie" of T.V. fame.

4. Mulder, Rudy is the brain of the class as far as solid goes (fancy getting 78% — the class average was 48% for solid).

5. The dead-beat of the form is "Nobby" who is known to the teachers as "Hopeless Harry".

6. Saunders, Trevor is known to us better as "D——r Joe", he is always leaving the room for some reason or other.

7. Sneddon, Murray looks a bit like "Chilla" Porter, Australia's ace high jumper — they both wear glasses.

8. Walters, Ken tries to "standover" "Wacker".

9. Some of the other stars "monstars" in the class are:—Hadden, Bean, Munton, Jenkins and Simmonds.

10. The sports minded members who made the various school teams are:—Mulder (athletics); Cummings (athletics, foot-

ball); McLeish (football); Turner (swimming); Leitch (athletics, football and cricket).

This is Jim Leitch saying "Au Revoir" till next year.

• 2G FORM NOTES

Howdy folks, this is 2G signing on. Our form consists of 22 brainless boys who try their hardest to annoy the teachers.

The tough bods are "Red" McLeod and "Lover-boy" Rodgers, who usually have Hendry tagging along behind them.

The top marker in the exams was Pummeroy — he and "Buck" Potter make a good pair. Neilson tries very hard to get higher marks than he deserves.

The four squares who hang around together are J. Squire, T. Campbell, M. Metcalfe and R. Moore.

The three musketeers of the class try to annoy "Goofy" — they are "Toothless" Billings, "Headless" Telford and that perfect example, P. Valle.

The footballers are "Tubby" Matthews and B. Hooper.

The "little blue man" is C. King. The "purple people eater" is G. Christie and the "witchdoctor" is N. Miskin.

Our beloved (?) form master is "Bald iggle" L. He's really solid.

The others in the form are J. Burgess, A. Burne, D. Chandler and, last but not least, G. Cornish.

Goodbye from that lovable form, 2G.

• 2H FORM NOTES

This is 2H blasting off to a rocketing report on our form.

Our form captain is a little squirt called "George Hood". The angels of the form are M. Lehman and J. Sharp. Purvis and McConville are always trying to imitate "Elvis". Biggart is our star football player, and P. Campbell is a good shot with a water pistol. McAliee, the comedian of the form has an excellent character. B. Marston, who looks like Mickey Mouse because of his big ears, will take off if he flaps them.

The stars of solid are P. Zenz and B. Harman who are taught by the master of solid, "Mr. Hogg".

B. Harvey is the greatest no hoper in solid and other subjects.

R. George is the best imitator of a girl with his girlish giggle.

This is 2H signing off after slavery and slaughter throughout the year.

● 1A FORM NOTES

This is Form 1A. The "specialists" in work: Our brains, Peter Lamb and John Pallin carried off 1st and 2nd placings in the whole of the first year students.

Our untrustworthy form captain, D. Eglington is as dumb as a doorknob at his work. The raver of the form is "Tubby" Jordan, always raving about motor bikes.

"Feferkranz", the teachers black nightmare, and Mr. Bartholemew's special pet. Max Grabert and David Eglington are Mr. E. Robinson's pets. Don't worry Mr. Robinson, we like you and your modelling lesson (it's fun).

"Annie" is our mighty form master. Mrs. Carter has just returned, we hope she has a pleasant stay while here despite the antics of "Fefer, Crox, Ego and Butch".

This is the "Rhubarb boys", 1A, signing off, per M.G. and G.S.

● 1B FORM NOTES

Howdy folks, this is 1B tuning in. This year our form master is Mr. Houghton.

During this year Norm Wisdom Willsher was elected form captain, and Dale Kendall was elected vice-captain. Ken Chung topped the form in the half year exams. Norm Mash is in Mr. Houghton's black book for talking during woodwork. "Dopey" Cumisky and Professor Phillips are always in trouble with Mr. Cohen our science teacher. A. Hunter always looks as if he never combs his hair.

"Brucey" Robinson, known as "tiny" in woodwork, is always asked difficult questions.

John "Sleepy" Gamble is always in trouble with Mr. Hogg. The rest of the form are fairly bright. This is 1B signing off.

● 1C FORM NOTES

This is 1C broadcasting from Caulfield Tech.

We have a few brains in the form such as Brian Harwood, John Clarke and Graham Scott.

The "dead-beats" of the form are Balstrup, Wishart and Jenkins, who are often getting into strife with "Dave".

"Shrimpy" Burne is our up-and-coming baseball champ. "Fatty" Kenner is the "colonel" of the class.

Cricket is the favourite sport on a Monday morning, especially with "Darkie" Lazzaro (the champ).

Gilbert and Fitches are always raving on about horses. The "Dreamer" of the form is T. Phillipson, while Roddy is always sparring with some unfortunate fellow.

Mr. Dempsey is our form master, who always has plenty to say in sheet metal.

On a Thursday morning, Richard Ellis is always tee-square happy with "Wacker".

The "three musketeers" of the class are McNally, Nightingale and Martin.

Our best athlete is J. Johnston. Gunn pays us a monthly visit and Len Horne is noted for whistling at the office girls. David Tomlinson is "Pop's" favourite pupil.

We haven't seen the silly head of Andrew Smith for a long time.

It's always very peaceful when Andrew Strahan is absent.

This is the sad end of these notes for this year - goodbye from Brian Lazzaro and Norman Burne.

● 1D FORM NOTES

Here begin this year's form notes for the form of fame, 1D for "DEMONS".

This year's form captain is "Macca" McRae, with vice-captain Elrington. Our form master is the notorious teacher, Mr. Pace, the art teacher.

We have some great sport stars, especially Poulter in swimming and athletics, the footballer "Demon" Dwyer, "Spinner" Smith and "Lacrosse" Haas.

In our form we have some real characters, "Lover-boy" Barnes, "Dimples" Davey, "Toughy" Elrington. The gentlemen of the form, "Tally" Fleming, Hawkins who is the tuck-shop's best customer, "Crawler" Jones, "Flat-top" Rose, the man with the head; Dwyer, the teachers' terror; "Scrafton",

"Toogood" is too bad for the teachers; O'Halleron, who knows how to bocker; "Tichy Toughnut" Reid, and McRae the bodgie (self made); Haas, Mason, Smith and Lees are the top boys in the form.

How do you like our mighty teacher "Birchy" of the Woodwork Department?

So here (worse luck) is the end of our form notes.

● 1E FORM NOTES

One fine day in the middle of the night,
All the teachers had a fright,
For 1E with all their might,
Broke all the rules
That we made overnight.

That eminent creature, Sir Graham Heath, was there. Turner, that imitation of Elvis, nearly gives the school down. That little midget Seears is always getting into trouble. Peter Smith had the boys interested with his electric motor which soon ran out of batteries. At the half year, P. Knighton came top of the form. Evans, played in the football team.

Our form master, Mr. Batholomew, has been away recently, and our little brains have had a rest.

In the science department one outstanding feature is that brain Eddy Guilder, a master of stink bombs and flour bombs.

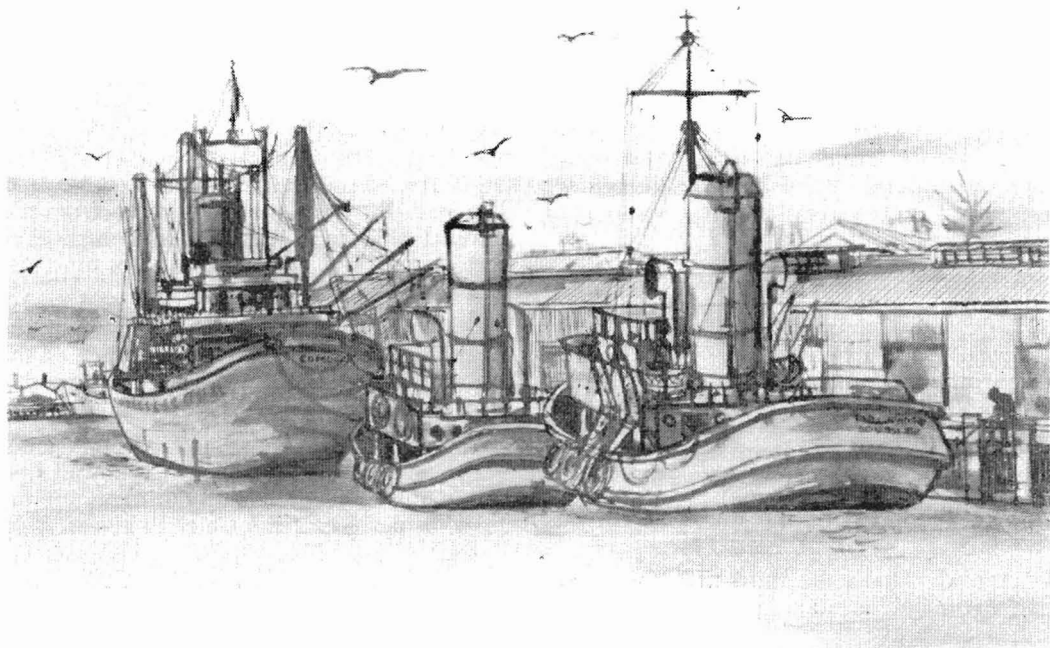
This year our form captain was "Snowy" Swindells, and vice-captain was P. Knighton.

This was compiled for you by those two geni "Knighton and Wootton".

● 1F FORM NOTES

Howdy, this is 1F signing on for a description of our form. One of our "brainstorms" is David Hall, who topped the class at the half year exams. The clown of the form is Max Somerville, who is always getting into trouble with "Annie" (Sheet-metal). Our form captain is John Wootton and vice-captain is Robert Weaver. Other bright boys are Geoff Parkin, Colin Tears, Robert Inglis and Lance Lacey.

Our form mistress is Mrs. Paterson who is our librarian as well.



● SCIENCE FRICTION

Pioneers of Interstellar travel had the engineering problems worked out for the ion drive, but they hadn't reckoned on physical laws having a . . . TIME LIMIT.

The Velocimeter glowed a dull red while the sweep hand moved clockwise. Don Stanton glanced up from his computations and thoughtfully eyed the range of meters on the panel before him.

He tapped with his pencil for a moment, then quickly rose from his seat and left the Control Cabin.

As he walked down the ship's corridor past the "Brain's" feed tapes a slight shudder ran through his body, but his countenance brightened when he saw Vin Paulon, the Chief Engineer, working on a section of the Brain.

"Hi, Vin, this thing got you down again?"

Don's cheery face quickly resumed a more serious expression as he caught the look in the other man's eyes.

"I don't like it, Don, this servo tube has gone out twice in the past week, and I can't figure out how or why the overload pulses are reaching the circuit."

"Well, Vin, it must only be a matter of systematically checking the correction circuits."

"I'm afraid it isn't as simple as that; we've already had a section of the Brain isolated, allowing it to analyse its servo units. All the darn thing does is to run its repeater circuits into a gain as though we had asked it to solve the literal solution of infinity divided by infinity."

At that moment their conversation was cut short by the entrance of their superior, Captain Rene Fologne, the Ship's Commander.

The salute given by the two men went unacknowledged as his crisp sarcastic voice rudely cut in - "What seems to be the hold-up this time, Paulon?"

"It's the servo circuits again, Sir. The corrective . . ."

"Again? That's the third time this week. Can't you boffins manage to track down a simple fault like that?"

"Excuse me, Sir," pressed Don. "I was on my way down to see you about something which I feel should be brought to your

attention. This particular matter has also caused Mr. Paulon some concern, Sir."

His voice held an urgent note and Fologne glared enquiringly. Don gave the Commander no time to reply and continued, "When the servos were temporarily out of action during the past week, the velocimeter indicated that the ion drive had a definite inclination to give a positive bias to the drive".

"That's no cause for any great concern," barked Fologne. "Anyone would think that this stellar travel was something new to you."

"Sir, I have something further to add," cut in Don. "A few minutes ago the velocimeter showed the caution signal and I had no idea that the servo units were out of action. The situation could become serious and even dangerous, Sir, especially since your current orders are to hold our present velocity of near-light magnitude."

Fologne's face became redder as Don proceeded and the last comment had really placed doubt on his judgment.

"You dolt!" bellowed the Commander. "Didn't you learn anything from Relativity Mechanics? Our predecessors back in the Twentieth Century knew that the velocity of light could never be attained by any moving body. This fact still applies, even to this ship, the Ceres II."

Fologne held that last syllable just a little too long, because all three men suddenly realized its significance. The Ceres I, the first ship employing the ion drive, had inexplicably disappeared on its first voyage. The last distress signal picked up from the ill-fated ship had told of some unchecked acceleration and other unorthodox time and space phenomena.

Officialdom, however, at the time of the disappearance, had taken little notice of the context of this last signal, and had merely attributed its implication to the "delirium of a person under stress".

The awkward silence which followed Fologne's outburst was finally broken by the quiet, firm voice of the Chief Engineer.

"Sir, I must admit that the Brain's behaviour, particularly that of the servo units, certainly substantiates Mr. Stanton's warning. My analysis of the situation seems to indicate that the Brain does not want to, or can't govern a velocity such as the one we have attained.

Folonge looked goggle-eyed at his technical superior.

"Paulon, are you inferring that this conglomeration of electronic circuits has reached the stage of thinking for itself?"

"Believe me, Sir, I know it sounds incredible but stranger things have happened in laboratories back on Earth, to say nothing of what may be encountered out here in a stellar ship."

"Look here," sneered the Commander. "Back in basic training with control elements a bunch of boffins grilled me with the fundamental Maxwellian Laws of Field Theory. Both of you now want me to believe that the theory governing this computer's behaviour has become rubbish."

Don, who had been taking in the situation, quietly added. "Sir, there is one thing which you have apparently overlooked. You must remember that the ship's velocity has attained almost the velocity of propagation of electro-magnetic waves. I am certain that this fact has something to do with the Brain's behavior. Mr. Paulon, I feel certain, will support my statement."

Vin nodded, and the Commander looked from one man to the other, momentarily without speech. Any further conversation was cut short by the urgent note of the velocity alarm on the computer's panel.

Vin acted quickly and disconnected the ion generator feeders. The look in his eyes was a fearful one as he viewed the panel which housed the oscillating instruments. His voice came as a whisper.

"This is it, Don!" he said.

"That crazy buffoon," Don burst out. "Why did he insist on such a fine safety margin of speed after the servo trouble we've been having!"

Paulon placed a comforting hand on his friend's shoulder.

"Easy, Don, don't blame yourself. You certainly did what you could."

Don turned to Vin with a pleading look in his eyes.

"Vin, is there any chance of . . ." His words trailed off as he saw the look of despair on the other's face.

Vin spoke gravely. "Let's not bluff ourselves, Don. The temperature of those generators would easily be high enough by now to continue belching forth particles to the point of self destruction. It's the old story of thermionic emission."

He went on. "There may be one ironical thing about our fate, Don. The persons in this ship may be the first time travellers, discounting, of course, those before us in the Ceres I."

Don seemed to grasp the situation and he blurted out.

"You mean that last radio message received on Earth was a warning and that"

His voice degenerated into a whisper as the crescendo of noise from the drive increased to an ear-splitting whine and the room became alive with a multitude of vibrations. All movement on board the ship became static, and the Ceres II dropped through the void like a glowing meteor. One second it existed, the next it had gone; trapped in the abyss of the Time Dimension.

Why not a career with Australia's leading suppliers of Machinery, Tools, Engineering and Industrial Equipment.

Commercial position leads to responsible, interesting, well-paid jobs.

Sales Positions open the road to steady promotion. Both divisions are linked with sound up-to-date training schemes which are cost free to the employee. Pension Fund looks after your financial security at retirement. Bonus schemes and allocation of shares to employees give you a worthwhile year-to-year incentive.

Ample amenities and excellent working conditions in a well-lighted, comfortable, modern building make the day's business a pleasure.

A McPherson-trained man is a well-trained man.

Apply in person or in writing to



546 COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE.

*All your Reading and Writing
requirements are at —*

ROBERTSON & MULLENS LTD.

Ground Floor

Fiction and General Books. Magazines. Stationery.
Readers' Union Book Club. Mullens Library.

First Floor

Educational Books. Technical Books. Children's Books.

Call in at —

107-113 ELIZABETH STREET, MELBOURNE.

*Wise Victorians save
regularly with their
own bank . . .*

★  ★
**THE
STATE SAVINGS BANK
OF VICTORIA**

It's your bank . . guaranteed by your Government

SSB220

FRIENDLY AND COURTEOUS SERVICE

from

HARDING & HALDEN PTY. LTD.

Foremost Throughout Australia

for

Drawing Office Supplies & Equipment.

Drawing and Sensitized Papers.

Plan Printing. Photostats.

HARDING & HALDEN PTY. LTD

192 a'Beckett Street, Melbourne. FJ 2106-8.

SYDNEY - BRISBANE - ADELAIDE - PERTH - WOLLONGONG

Ring LF 5252 to Advertise in

The Suburban Newspapers MORE people

Read —

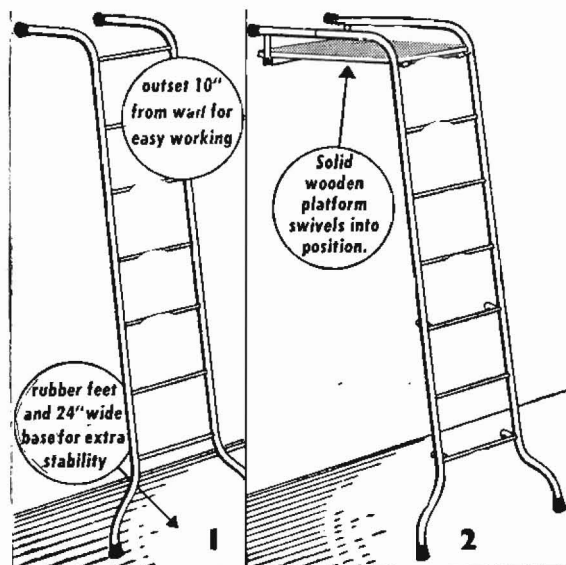
- Malvern News
- Caulfield-Elsternwick Advertiser
- Carnegie Courier
- Brighton Southern Cross
- Prahran News
- Box Hill Observer
- Balwyn Observer
- Oakleigh Advertiser
- Mulgrave Advertiser

Published by —

PETER ISAACSON PTY. LIMITED

151 Carpenter Street, Brighton.

FOR ALL TYPES OF TUBULAR STEEL WORK



MAX DAVIS Pty. Ltd.

Manufacturers of Tubular Steel Work, including school and domestic furniture, fabricated machinery work of all descrip-

tions, farm implements, garage equipment, including ladders of various descriptions.



Marshall Road, Essendon

PHONE: FX 4249

FOR ALL BUILDING REQUIREMENTS . . .

CHITTY'S

(Chitty's Timber Co. Pty. Ltd.)

975-1007 DANDENONG ROAD

CAULFIELD EAST



QUOTATIONS WITH PLEASURE

TIMBER & JOINERY

UL 1045

UL 1046

UL 1047

STOCKDALE'S

Sliced and Wrapped

Procera Bread

MAKES BETTER — FRESHER SANDWICHES!

SELBYS

CHEMICALS

PHYSICS APPARATUS

LABORATORY GLASSWARE

SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENTS



H. B. Selby & Co.
Pty. Ltd.

393 SWANSTON STREET, MELBOURNE - FJ 3661
Sydney - Brisbane - Adelaide - Perth - Hobart

The words,

"An Ajax Production"

signify

***Distinction & Quality
in Papergoods***

ANDREW JACK, DYSON & CO.

PTY. LTD.

Manufacturing Stationers,

Printers and Paper Converters

594-610 LONSDALE STREET - - MELBOURNE

PHONE: UL 5808

W. S. Rowlands DRAPERY STORE

20 Derby Road, Caulfield

(Near Caulfield Station)

**Specialists in Caulfield Technical School
Clothing**

- | | |
|--|--------------------------------------|
| • Junior School Blazers | • Grey Melange D.B. Suits |
| • Senior School Blazers | • Grey Knickers and
Long Trousers |
| • School Pullovers
Sizes 24 to 44 | • School Ties |
| • School Sox, all sizes | • Khaki and Grey Drill Shorts |
| • School Stretch Nylon Wool
Sox | • White Shorts for Sports Wear |
| • Blue Shirts for School
(Fused Collar) | |

Use our Lay-By System if you like.

Foremost . . .

IN AUSTRALIA FOR
TECHNICAL AND EDUCATIONAL
BOOKS



THE TECHNICAL BOOK & MAGAZINE CO.

295, 297, 299 SWANSTON STREET, MELBOURNE, C.I.

Phone: FB 3951.

EDINBURGH ***Pure Paint***

VARNISHES, ENAMELS, RUBBER BASE PAINTS,
MATT AND SATIN FINISHES, EMULSION PAINTS



EDINBURGH PAINTS PTY. LTD.

3 - 5 - 7 WILLIAMS STREET, BALACLAVA, MELBOURNE, S.2.

Phones: LB 3666 - LB 3667. Telegrams: "Edvar".

Continuous Quality

is quality you trust



Copyright
1941/58
The Coca-Cola
Company

Enjoy Coca-Cola ice-
cold — and take some
home for the family.

BOTTLED UNDER AUTHORITY OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY, BY

COCA-COLA BOTTLERS

(Melbourne) Pty. Ltd., MELBOURNE

HARD FACING

NON-FERROUS METALS

MILD STEEL

HIGH-TENSILE STEELS & ARMOUR PLATE

STAINLESS & HEAT RESISTING STEELS

CAST IRON

MUREX

ELECTRODES

**MAKE EVERY WELD
WELL DONE . . .**

Think of a welding problem—no matter how complicated—and Murex has the answer in its comprehensive range of electrodes and welding equipment. There's a Murex man near you . . . why not give him your problems?



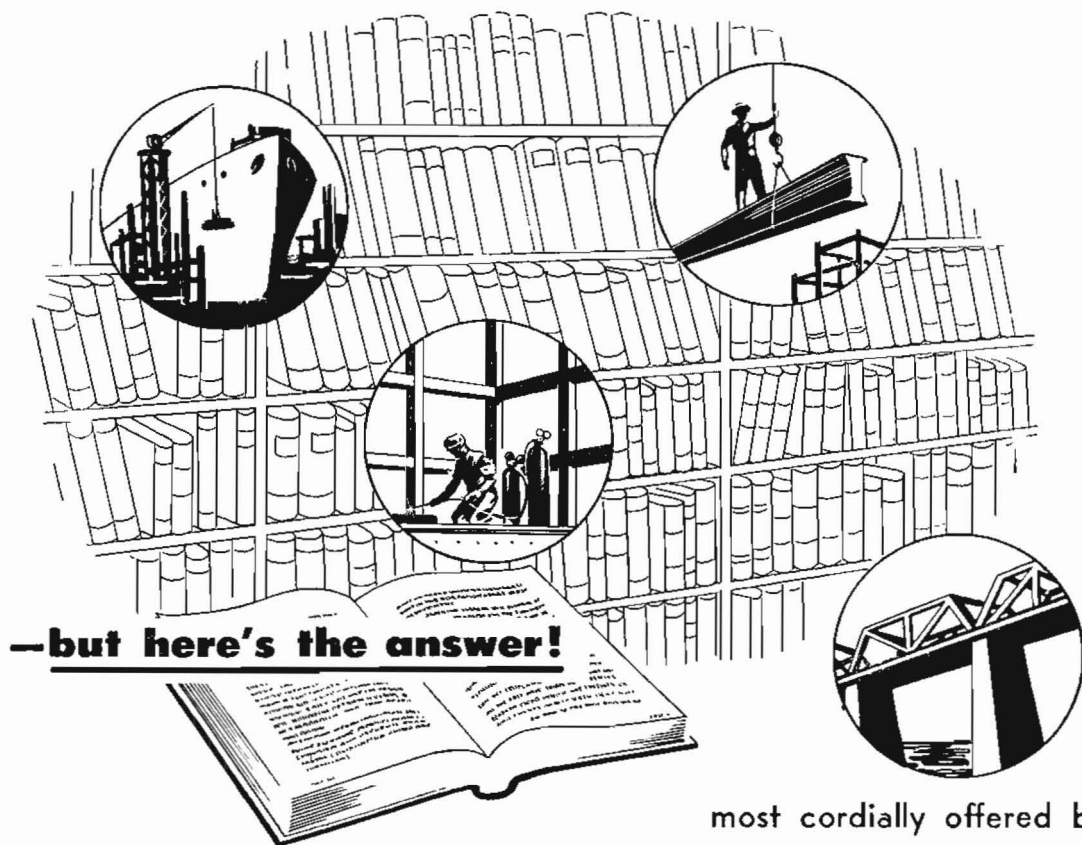
SERVICING AUSTRALIA,
NEW ZEALAND, THE SOUTH-
WEST PACIFIC AND THE NEAR
EAST FROM AUSTRALIA.



MUREX (AUSTRALASIA) PTY. LTD.
DERWENT PARK, HOBART, TASMANIA

BRANCHES: Clements Avenue, Bankstown, N.S.W.; Cnr. Power & McGowan
Sts., South Melbourne, VICTORIA; Newstead Terrace, Newstead, Brisbane,
QUEENSLAND; 604 Port Road, Allenby Gardens, SOUTH AUSTRALIA.
AGENTS: Elder Smith & Co. Ltd., St. George's Terrace, Perth, WESTERN
AUSTRALIA; Brown & Dureau Ltd., Rabaul & Port Moresby, NEW GUINEA.

Technically, it's your own problem . . .



—but here's the answer!

most cordially offered by
The Commonwealth Industrial Gases Limited

Most day-to-day problems can be solved within your own text books. Other more highly specialised problems, involving brazing and bevelling, flame hardening and fluxing, expansion and contraction, welding and cutting, structural welding and welding metallurgy, often require outside help to assure efficient results.

The Technical Library of The Commonwealth Industrial Gases Limited is available to help you as

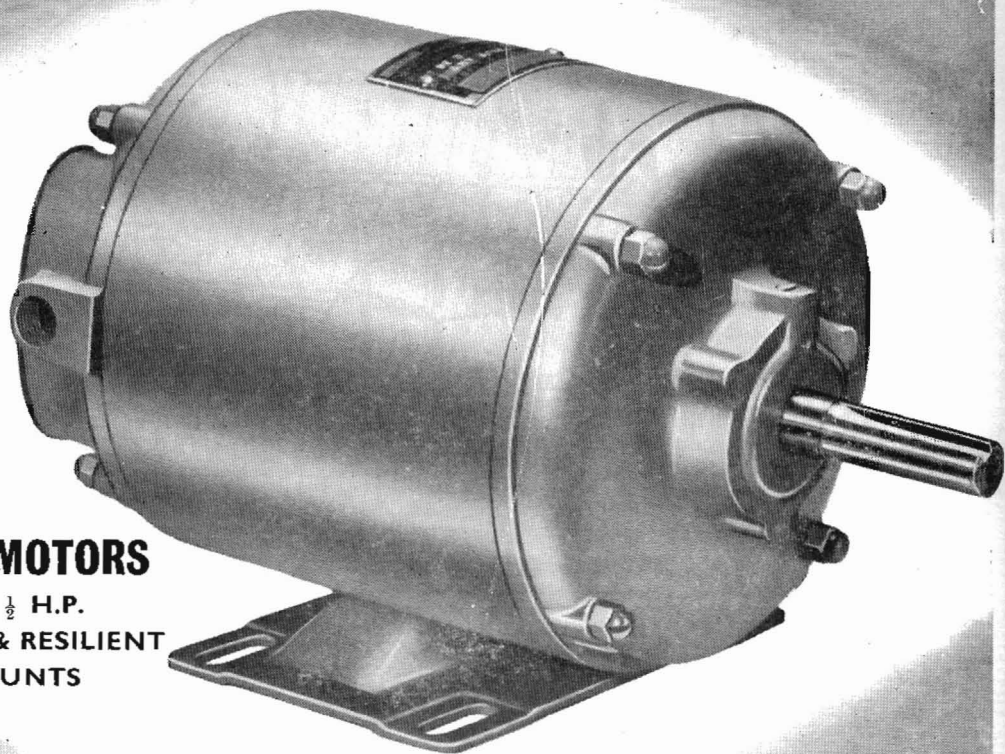
needed. Over 50,000 technical references, comprehensively covering all fields of welding and cutting, have made this library the most up to date in its field in the southern hemisphere. Although the library is located in Sydney, all C.I.G. interstate offices have available copies of the extensive index system and abstracts covering the very latest overseas publications, thus facilitating the use of reference to your college or public libraries.

Remember: However large or small your problem, contact your nearest C.I.G. Company when such information as you require will be made available.



THE COMMONWEALTH INDUSTRIAL GASES LIMITED
138 BOURKE ROAD, ALEXANDRIA, N.S.W.
SUBSIDIARY COMPANIES IN ALL STATES OF THE COMMONWEALTH

MCCOLL JUNIOR



F.H.P. MOTORS

$\frac{1}{4}$, $\frac{1}{3}$, $\frac{1}{2}$ H.P.
SOLID & RESILIENT
MOUNTS

Backed by over 35 years of Electric Motor Design & Manufacture in Australia, McColl specialists have produced a range of F.H.P. Motors incorporating all the design features sought by Australian Appliance Manufacturers. Produced on modern machine tools these Rugged, Reliable, Drip Proof Motors with pleasing appearance are now available at economical prices.

AUSTRALIA-WIDE SERVICE

MCCOLL ELECTRIC WORKS LIMITED

112 Moor Street, Fitzroy, N.6, Victoria

INTERSTATE DISTRIBUTORS

Walker & Livingstone Pty. Ltd.,
ROZELLE, N.S.W.

Crossle & Cameron Pty. Ltd.,
BRISBANE, Queensland

Medhursts Wholesale Ltd.,
HOBART, Tasmania

Harris, Scarfe Limited,
ADELAIDE, S.A.

Harris, Scarfe & Sandovers Ltd.,
PERTH, W.A.

Medhursts Wholesale Ltd.,
LAUNCESTON, Tasmania

*Everything
for the artist*



DRYAN'S

*The
PAINT-
PEOPLE*

Inspect our extensive range of
ART MATERIALS
DRAWING OFFICE EQUIPMENT
SLIDE RULES
MATHEMATICAL INSTRUMENTS

**346 LITTLE COLLINS STREET,
MELBOURNE**

TELEPHONE

MU 8291 (4 Lines)

~~~~~  
*Mother knows best!!*

She uses SORBENT waxed or greaseproof,  
to wrap your lunches.

\* \* \*

Manufactured locally by:

**THE BRITISH AUSTRALIAN PAPER CO.**  
**PTY. LTD.**

280-284 Burke Road, Gardiner, S.E.6

~~~~~